FTEEN CENTS July 6, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

BETTY NUTHALL
The smile is her mother's idea.
(See SPORT)

Volume XVIII Number 1

...lation Office, 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Editorial and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

Swift as a swallow

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ETHYL GASOLINE

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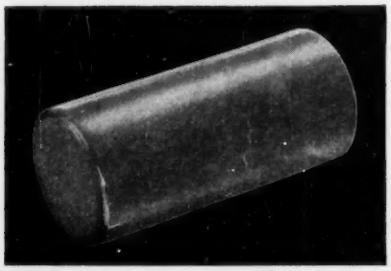
Leather as it comes to the tannery is rough, spongy and unsuitable for most of the uses for which it is intended. Before it can be fashioned into shoes, gloves, purses, or the hundreds of other articles made of smooth leather, it must be "glazed." Glazing is the process of smoothing or "ironing" the surface of the leather with a solid cylinder of glass. Held in the grip of a giant arm above the glazing table, this cylinder of glass strikes the leather with tremendous force at the rate of 60 to 100 impacts per minute. The texture of the glass must be such that it will not "seize" or "drag" the hide, and of such hardness that it will not quickly wear flat. Macbeth technologists were able to develop a glazing glass of exactly the right texture and finish so that one point on the surface can be used for a comparatively long time without flattening. The use of Macbeth glass has resulted in a remarkable saving in tanneries throughout the country. MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY, Charleroi, Pa., Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, Indianapolis, Houston, St. Louis, Detroit, Buffalo, Toronto, Philadelphia.



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MARTIN L. DAVEY
President and General Manager

LETTERS

Jordan, Shortridge & Brisbane

Sirs:

Enclosed clipping supplements your appreciation of Dr. David Starr Jordan in TIME of June 8.

A great and fearless man, Dr. Jordan did not hesitate to say "Arthur Brisbane knows no more about Evolution than—*Sam Shortridge (U. S. Senator from California) does." And—"Unfortunately Darrow is as ignorant concerning Evolution as Bryan is."

Bryan is dead but Brisbane continues to lead the blind.

C. A. MCCORMICK

San Francisco, Calif.

*Sam Shortridge must typify Dr. Jordan's ideal of ignorance.

In the clipping, Dr. Jordan was hailed by Stanford's 1931 class orator as one of the three great U. S. Educators of the past 50 years. The other two: the late Charles William Eliot of Harvard, the late Andrew Dickson White of Cornell.—ED.

Colyumists' Education

Sirs:

That venerable columnist, Arthur Brisbane, is alleged to have accused Funnyman Will Rogers with being educated at Eton and Oxford. I am a longtime admirer of Rogers and have always suspected that he was not as "dumb" as he attempted to act. Is Brisbane's accusation true?

JOHN BURCH MCMORRAN

Syracuse, N. Y.

Will Rogers' education: Willie Hassell School, Neosho, Mo.; Kemper Military Academy, Boonville, Mo. for "a short time."

Arthur Brisbane's: four years at a Fanwood, N. J. country school; five years "abroad."

Joked Will Rogers last fortnight: "I am as ashamed of my early years spent at Eton and Oxford as all the rest of their alumni is."—ED.

Collector

Sirs:

I am in the sixth grade of school at Ortega. We have been studying Europe. I watch the Foreign News in TIME every week. I have gradually collected photographs of the heads of most of the countries of Europe. However I have not seen a picture of the president of Switzerland, 1931 President Meier, which I would like to have to complete my collection in my school notebook. I would appreciate it very much if you would publish his picture.

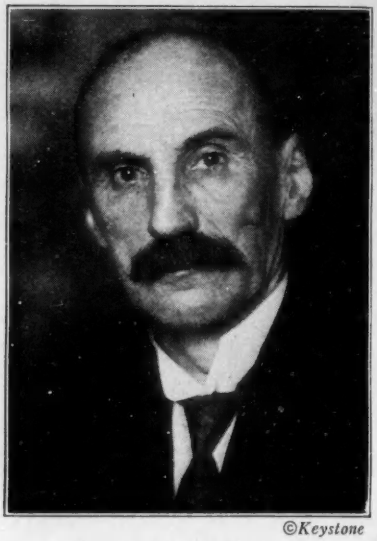
HERMAN ULMER JR.

Ortega, Fla.

Collector Ulmer is hereby obliged:

Switzerland's 1931 President is not Councilman Albert Meyer but black-mustached, half-bald Dr. Heinrich Häberlin, 62, who has just learned English (President for 1930 was Dr. Jean Musy).

Born Sept. 6, 1868 in a small town in the canton of Thurgau, Heinrich Häberlin studied law at the Universities of Zurich, Leipzig and Berlin, then rose in the small



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SWITZERLAND'S HÄBERLIN

President in '26, President in '31, President ad infinitum?

Swiss Army to the high rank of colonel of infantry.

In 1904 Dr. Häberlin's native Thurgau first sent him to the National Council (lower house). In 1920 he moved up to the Federal Council (comprised of President, Vice President and "Cabinet of Five"). In 1925 he was elected its vice president—and in Switzerland the vice president is customarily elected president the following year. Thus Dr. Häberlin was president in 1926, vice president again in 1930, is president today, may become vice president again, president again, and so *ad infinitum*—ED.

Justice's Children

Sirs:

In a recent issue (TIME, May 25), under a heading "Common Practice" you state that Chief Justice Russell of the Supreme Court of Georgia is the father of 18 children, whereas the accompanying picture contains only 13. I have seen elsewhere in print that the Governor-elect is "one of 13 children." I am interested in knowing whether the Chief Justice has five other children by another wife, or by the same wife, who

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ROY E. LARSEN
CIRCULATION MANAGER, TIME, INC.
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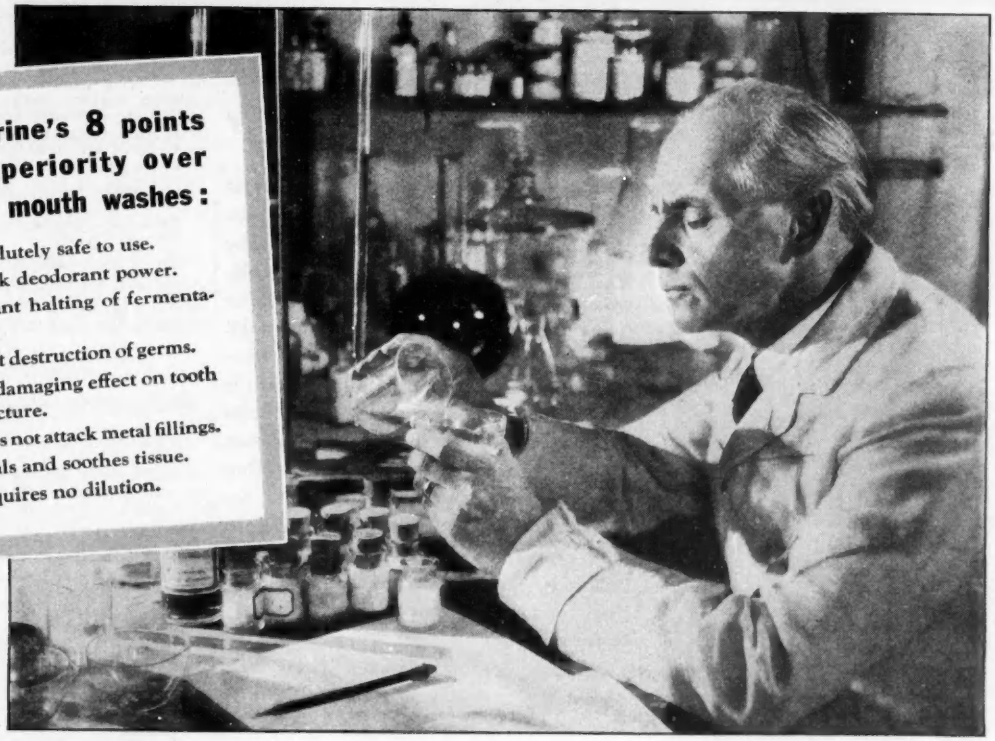

Listerine's 8 points of superiority over other mouth washes:

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Repeated tests show that Listerine immediately overcomes odors that other solutions fail to mask in 4 days.

Because of its amazing deodorant effect, its power to kill germs in the fastest time, and its absolute safety, Listerine is the ideal antiseptic for oral hygiene.

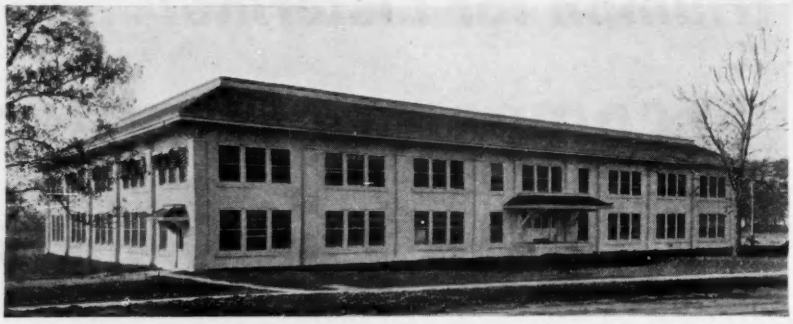
For the treatment of halitosis (unpleasant breath) there is nothing like it. 95% of halitosis is caused, dental authorities say, by fermenting food particles in the mouth and by infections of the oral tract.

Listerine instantly halts fermentation, and at the same time attacks infection. Having struck at these two causes of mouth odors, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

Use it every morning, every night. And between times before meeting others. It is your assurance that your breath will be sweet, clean, and wholesome, and therefore inoffensive.

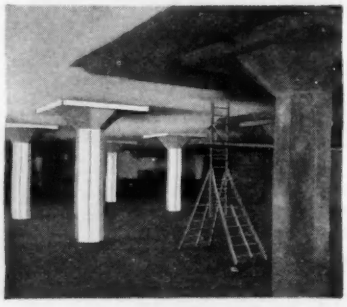
Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it with you when you travel. No other antiseptic mouth wash is so pleasant-tasting. No other mouth wash has swifter deodorant and germicidal effect. No other mouth wash is more healing. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE ends halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)



THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT PAINTING

CONCRETE AND MASONRY



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are dead or otherwise absent from the picture, or whether "18" as stated in your article was a misprint, and intended to be "13."

HOWARD GOODWIN
Northport, L. I.

Five of Chief Justice Russell's offspring died—three by his first wife (Minnie L. Tyler) who herself died in 1886; two by his present wife (Ina Dillard).—ED.

O. Henry Kin

Sirs:

Being a cover-to-cover reader and original subscriber of your distinctive publication, I find under the heading Books an article about O. Henry (TIME, June 28). In this I find a flaw: "No near relative survives him." You say that his second wife was Sara Lindsay Coleman. This is correct. At this time she is living at Weaverville, N. C., eight miles from Asheville. He also has a living daughter by Mrs. Sara Lindsay Coleman Porter. Both are writers of short stories. Two months ago Mrs. Porter visited Mars Hill College (17 miles from Asheville) and read one of her unpublished short stories. She also gave a talk on O. Henry and his works.

OREN E. ROBERTS
Athletic Director
Mars Hill College.
Mars Hill, N. C.

Mrs. Sara Lindsay Coleman Porter never had a child. O. Henry's only issue, Margaret, borne him by his first wife Athol Estes, died in 1927.—ED.

Thrill-Seekers Disgusted

Sirs:

More regarding the army aviator whose escapade was told of in TIME, June 15. Since TIME Magazine left out what I consider an interesting sidelight, I am supplying it.

About 10 o'clock one morning the commander of Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill. called the Decatur Chief of Police requesting speed boats, life-saving apparatus and an ambulance as he planned on having the plane from which Flyer Osborne was dangling fly to Lake Decatur, about 50 mi. from Chanute and let the aviator drop himself into the lake.

Word soon spread and Lakeshore Drive was alive with people. Newshawks hurried up and down along the shore with cameras, staging themselves in the most strategic positions. Speed boats roared up and down and motor boats putted about.

Word finally came, after the plane was long overdue, that Jumper Osborne had managed to make use of his auxiliary chute. Disgusted thrill-seekers went back to town.

JESSE B. BIRKS
Circulation Manager
Decatur *Daily Review*
Decatur, Ill.

Fiduciary Trust and Lawyers

Sirs:

TIME's article of June 8 regarding the Fiduciary Trust Co. of New York was interesting and informative but contained one statement which might be subject to misinterpretation. You said: "To Root, Clark & Buckner (attorneys) . . . the bank will be a big client, also one to whom they can send much business."

Some persons might infer from this statement that the Fiduciary Trust Co. will entrust all legal business of estates and trusts under its care to Root, Clark & Buckner. On the contrary, the policy of the trust company, where circumstances permit, is to employ a client's own attorney in the administration of his estate or trusts.

PIERRE JAY
Chairman
Fiduciary Trust Co.
New York City

Statement

Sirs:

On p. 53 of your June 8 issue toward the close of the third column you make the following statement: "Farm prosperity would be the cure-all, thought Horace Washington Bowker, head

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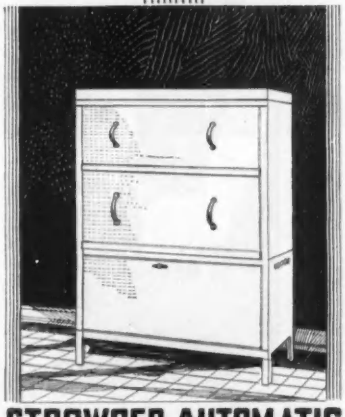
Some day you may have to select a private telephone system. Remember that engineering excellence makes P-A-X always the best buy. That a P-A-X engineer will, upon your request and at our expense, come to your office and analyze your private telephone needs.



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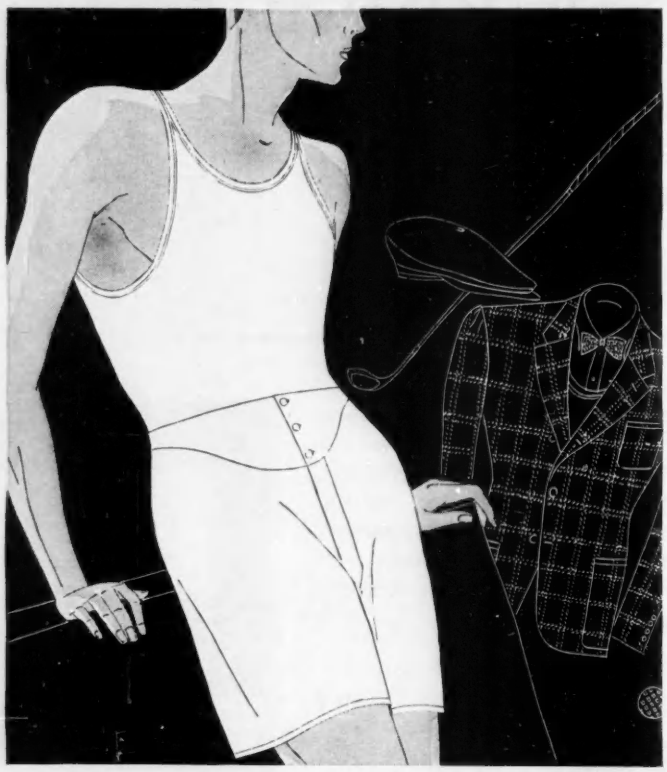
IN YOUR UNDERWEAR WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU LOOK LIKE TO YOUR WIFE?



SOME morning on your way from your tub to your tweeds—take a look at yourself in your underwear! Is that the brilliant picture that, morning after morning, ought to greet the eyes of your wife?

You don't have to look like *that!* Your underwear can be as flattering to your frame as the tailored smartness of your evening clothes.

Get out of your swaddling garments and into a suit of B. V. D.'s. Union suits or shorts and drawers—they're designed with an eye to the masculine frame—cut with a thought for its comfort and ease—they're expertly tailored to serve you smartly and well.

You'll find the label of B. V. D. in styled underwear—in Union Suits of B. V. D. nainsook—the coolest fabric that ever balked a thermometer. You'll find it in shirts, drawers and shorts—in whites, in solid colors and in neat patterns like the famous "Foulards," though the advance style tip is that the swing is all to white.

B. V. D. shorts fit you without pressure or pull—they're cut so well that they never bind or cramp. B. V. D. knit shirts mould to your body—respond to every move as easily and as comfortably as your own skin.

Do your good deed today! Be a more comfortable man and a smarter boudoir decoration! Look manly and smart, even in your underwear!

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of American Agricultural Chemical, hard-hit by farm depression."

I have no middle name.

HORACE BOWKER
President
American Agricultural Chemical Co.
New York City

Pleased Sourdoughs

Sirs:

Thanks very much for the wonderful boost you gave us (TIME, May 25, June 8). I am enclosing a copy of our paper [Chitina, Alaska *Weekly Herald*]. I cannot resist thanking you again along with this paper, although I sent you a letter by last boat.

ADRIAN NELSON
Chitina, Alaska

P. S. You will be glad to know that we got a letter from Mr. Thomas A. Edison's private secretary Meadowcroft. He said that Mr. Edison liked our paper very much. We also had a letter from the Governor of our territory, George A. Parks. I was especially glad to get the letter from Edison's Laboratories as I would rather be a helper of Edison than anything else in the world.

Freethinker

Sirs:

In your issue of June 1 President Hoover is quoted: "Like so many benign social agencies it [the Red Cross] sprang from the mind and the heart of a woman."

With due respect to the President and not to detract from the noble work done by Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton; as a Freethinker, I beg to state that the Red Cross as an organization was proposed and made effective by Henri Dunant, a Swiss Freethinker. Its flag was designed by him—a red cross on a white field, which is the reversion of the flag of Switzerland.

LOUIS G. RODRIGUES
Detroit, Mich.

President Hoover and TIME were talking about the *American* Red Cross. True it is that Jean Henri Dunant published in 1862 a booklet, *Un Souvenir de Solférino*, lamenting the carnage of Italy's war against Austria, urging the formation of volunteer societies to remove wounded men from battlefields, hoping all military leaders would "agree upon some sacred international principle." First to respond was President Gustave Moynier of *Société Genevoise d'Utilité Publique*, who organized an international meeting at Geneva in 1863 where international Red Cross principles were formulated. Next year was held a diplomatic conference with 26 Governments represented. Here was drafted the Geneva Convention, here adopted the red-crossed white flag. It was in 1877 that the International Committee of the Red Cross appointed Clara Barton, active since 1869, its U. S. representative. At her insistence the U. S. signed the Geneva Convention in 1882.—ED.

TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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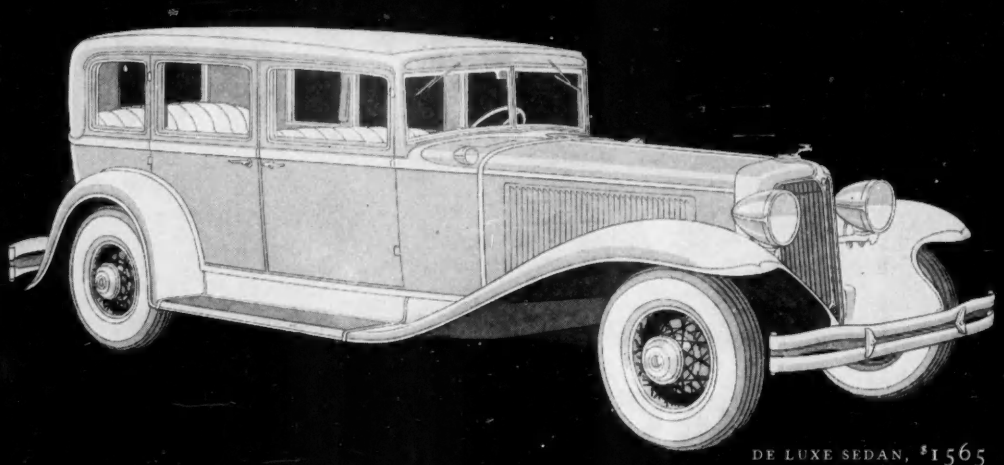


DE LUXE SEDAN, $1565

De Luxe Style—De Luxe Comfort—De Luxe Performance

CHRYSLER, so often the pioneer to better things, has now pioneered with an entirely new and better kind of luxury and performance in a car of moderate price—the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe, available in five magnificent body models.

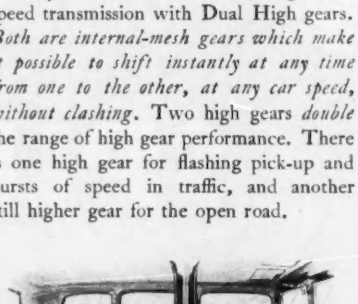
It is a *de luxe* car through and through, from start to finish, inside and outside.

The de luxe power of a bigger engine. The de luxe comfort of bigger bodies and longer springs. The de luxe smartness of a divided windshield with *inside* adjustable sun visors. De luxe upholstery of Bedford cord. De luxe interior panels and mouldings of dark walnut finish. De luxe fitments . . . Everything about the car suggests a car of much higher price.

Its big, quiet engine is completely insulated from the frame by live rubber; has a large, perfectly balanced crankshaft, fully counterweighted — and develops with velvety ease a good 95 horsepower.

Eighty miles an hour—if you like speed—but whether you travel that fast or not, the power that makes such speed possible enables you to glide along at moderate speeds without consciousness of engine effort.

This de luxe performance owes much to Chrysler's exclusive Multi-Range four-speed transmission with Dual High gears. *Both are internal-mesh gears which make it possible to shift instantly at any time from one to the other, at any car speed, without clashing.* Two high gears *double* the range of high gear performance. There is one high gear for flashing pick-up and bursts of speed in traffic, and another still higher gear for the open road.



Drive this Chrysler. Learn from it the fascinating difference between Chrysler performance and other performance. Enjoy the difference in the way it clings to the road at all speeds; the way it takes the turns; the way it soars up the hills; the ease of its pivotal steering; the positive control and safety of its internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes.

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TIME

Vol. XVIII, No. 1 — *The Weekly Newsmagazine* — July 6, 1931

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THE PRESIDENCY

Hoover, Hoover & Herridge

One day last week President Hoover arose from his luncheon in the White House and, instead of returning immediately to his office, went upstairs to his dressing room. There with the aid of Boris, his valet, he put on formal morning clothes. At 2:15 Chief Usher Irwin Hood ("Ike") Hoover knocked on his door. "The new Canadian Minister is here, Mr. President," he announced. A last pat to his necktie and President Hoover descended the stairs, entered the Blue Room,

International

CANADIAN MINISTER & ESCORT

He got in good standing.

took a good solid stand near its centre. Usher Hoover threw open the door from the Green Room. In marched square-jawed half-bald William Duncan Herridge, hearty brother-in-law of Canada's Prime Minister Bennett, resplendent in blue jacket lavishly embroidered with blue, gold and white braid. Escorting him was that elegantly correct Harvardman, Richard Southgate, Assistant Secretary of State, who introduced the President and the Minister. All three bowed simultaneously.

"I have the honor," began Mr. Herridge in a good round voice, "to place in your hands the letter by which His Majesty the King accredits me as his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to represent the Dominion of Canada in the U. S., and also the royal letter which terminates the mission of my distinguished predecessor, Mr. Vincent Massey. It is the earnest wish of His Majesty's Government in Canada that the harmonious relations which have long prevailed between the U. S. and Canada shall be maintained and strengthened. . . . I look forward, Mr. President, to receiving your friendly support. . . ."

It was now President Hoover's turn to speak. "It gives me pleasure to receive from you the letters by which his Britannic Majesty accredits you. . . . The harmonious relations between Canada and the U. S. will, I am confident, be augmented through your mission to Washington. . . . I desire to assure you, Mr. Minister, that you may rely upon my hearty co-operation . . . and to hope that your stay among us will be pleasant."

Both men bowed again. The stiff nothings involved in presenting diplomatic credentials were over. President Hoover went upstairs to change his clothes, get back to his office. Minister Herridge, now an envoy in good standing, returned to his legation, started to pack for a trip to Canada where he will remain all summer.

. . .

Don Salvador de Madariaga, a small Basque with a high domelike forehead, piercing beady eyes, and a Scotch wife bigger than he is, landed from the *Mauretania* last week and proceeded to Washington to present his credentials as the Spanish Republic's first Ambassador to the U. S. His coming increases the literary luminosity of the Washington diplomatic corps about 50%. Though his pen may not have the surpassing grace of French Poet-Ambassador Paul Claudel, Ambassador Madariaga is a writer of first rank, a keen political commentator.

He has a few intimate friends in Spain's Republican Cabinet, but otherwise Ambassador de Madariaga is better known in Washington than in Madrid (45% of all Spaniards over ten years old are illiterate). Born in Corunna 44 years ago, his early career was as an official of the Spanish railroads. Since 1916 he has lived almost continuously abroad, first as a London correspondent, then as a member of the League of Nations Secretariat (Chief of the Disarmament Section), then as professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford. Another reason for the vagueness with which most Madrileños react to the name of de Madariaga is because he is best known as a writer in English. Ambassador de Madariaga is trilingual. He writes frequent magazine articles in French and Spanish, but his most important books

Wide World

SPANISH MINISTER & SCOTCH WIFE

He increased luminosity about 50%.

have been in English. Politically Ambassador de Madariaga is a complete internationalist, who, perversely enough, does not believe in the advisability of a Federal European Union. At the time his name was first mentioned as Ambassador to the U. S. (TIME, May 4), reporters stirred a mild flurry by skimming through his magazine articles, picking out some of the pepperiest paragraphs on the subject of U. S. imperialism. Senor Madariaga's opinions of U. S. foreign policy are blunt and to the point, but on the other hand he is just as quick to criticize his own nation or any other.

Last year his book *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards* was awarded a prize by the weekly *Europe Nouvelle* as the best political book of the year. Random de Madariaga observations:

". . . When the Duke of Devonshire's daughter is married, all true Englishmen

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National Affairs—(Continued)

feel happy. When the Duke of Richmond rides with his hounds, all true Englishmen blow their horn. But the Frenchman holds to his own poet: *Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre,* and unless he drinks himself, he does not smack his lips."

". . . All the efforts of political propagandists to make the Spaniard feel like a citizen have failed. He feels like a man. . . . It follows that the social structure of Spain is bound to be lax, like that of a body the several members of which are stronger than the force of cohesion which keeps them together. . . . No one who knows Spain can have failed to be struck by the impressive amount of individual effort lost in activities at cross purposes or, even worse, *in vacuo.*"

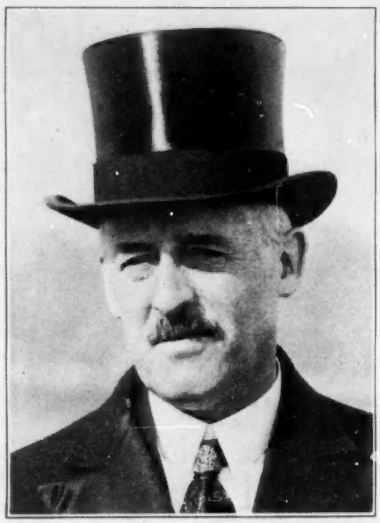
In the U. S., Ambassador de Madariaga counts among his intimate friends Andres Segovia, the concert guitarist, and Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Hindu rebutter to *Mother India.* He is, moreover, one of those writers who has enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas William Lamont.

Exquisite Sensation

When he returned to the White House from his Rapidan camp early last week, President Hoover found his desk stacked with messages from all the world applauding his debt holiday plan. He glanced at a few—"stroke of genius," "fine constructive step," "thousands will thank God for you." Then, sweeping the rest aside, he plunged into six days of hard exciting work—the kind which makes a man glad to be President. For the first time he felt the exquisite sensation of a united nation behind him on a major issue. He became, almost overnight, a changed man, a nerveless machine driving at top speed, a kinetic force on world psychology.

Four days after the Hoover plan had gone forth, Secretary of State Stimson marched happily into the President's office to announce that Britain and Italy had unconditionally accepted his terms. Scot Ramsay MacDonald had made a great oration in Parliament [cheers] which had been echoed loudly by other orations from His Majesty's Opposition [cheers]. More notably, His Majesty's Britannic Government had spread the Hoover generosity around the globe by offering to His Majesty's Indian and the Dominion Governments the same concessions which His Majesty's Britannic Government received [cheers]. Lazy, bankrupt Australia snatched the crumb. Proud, His Majesty's Government in the Union of South Africa said: "We have informed His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom that South Africa will not take advantage of the offer of the Mother Country to forego payments which we owe on our War debt." [Loud cheers.] Benito Mussolini, with characteristic dynamics, had promptly put his Cabinet busily to work figuring out exactly what was to be done. President Hoover was not surprised. He knew they gave up in German reparations and other debt receipts only a little more than they would be relieved of paying the U. S. on their debts.

Three hours later, Poet-Ambassador Claudel delivered the French reply at the State Department, and went scuttling out



International

HENRY LEWIS STIMSON

. . . ran, dodged, flew, sailed.

muttering: "I have nothing to say, nothing to say, nothing to say." The U. S. Ambassador in Paris had telephoned to prepare Secretary Stimson for the shock. But after he had scanned the English text, he grew alarmed, almost ran to the White House to confer with the President. They hastily summoned Ogden L. Mills, the financial brains of the Treasury, and for three and a half hours these three gentlemen solemnly pondered France's reply. Eugene Meyer Jr., astute, rich Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, called at the White House to discuss plans for a short term German loan, but the President was too preoccupied to see him.

It was well after 7 o'clock when Secretary Stimson emerged, the muscles of his nose tightened by worry. Newsmen trailed him out of the lobby and down the steps to the street between the White House and the State Department. No, no, no, nothing to say. He twirled his cane nervously. "Are you still optimistic?" asked a pert newshawk. The Secretary stopped, turned, answered: "Yes, I am. If anything happens to the President's plan, it would be a crime." Then he crossed the street, neatly dodging a delivery truck.

The French note was a sharp disappointment to President Hoover. Stripped of its diplomatic verbiage, its gist was: France will accept an all-around moratorium but the integrity of the Young Plan must be maintained and therefore Germany must continue to pay the 42% of her reparations which the Young Plan says cannot be postponed. But France is generous. She will allow Germany to deposit these payments in the Bank of International Settlements where they will serve as a special credit for Germany *and* other Central European powers (i. e. Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, France's allies) which are also in economic distress. Presumably at the end of the moratorium Germany would make a double payment in one year.

President Hoover found this counter-proposal quite unacceptable. His primary purpose was to relieve Germany of all payments for a year and here France was insisting on extracting $166,000,000 from her. The President might have consented to the French proposal if it were merely a B. I. S. bookkeeping arrangement whereby Germany could withdraw its $166,000,000 as soon as paid, or if France wanted only small payments to cover current contracts for devastation repairs. But France, according to the President's figures, would so parcel out the German deposits that Germany would get back as credit a scant $20,000,000.

Another feature of the French reply which the President considered out of the question was Germany's double payment the year after the moratorium. No relief at all would be afforded by such a scheme. Secretary Stimson announced: "The French note shows a gratifying cordiality. . . . The question of the method by which this postponement is to be accomplished and the ultimate payment of the

International

WALTER EVANS EDGE

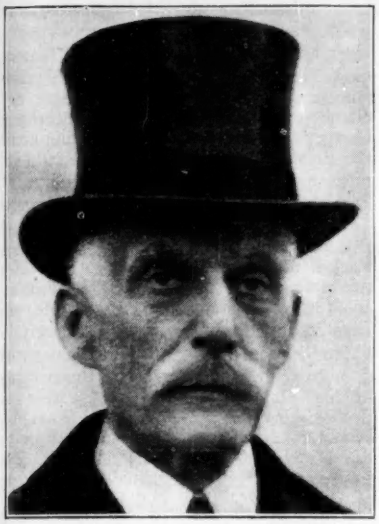
. . . put out the pout.

postponed amounts are matters requiring negotiation and settlement. . . ."

Thus the issue passed into the realm of diplomatic negotiation. Quickly, therefore, diplomacy polished its silk topper, took out its best walking stick and kept its chauffeur at the ambassadorial gates. U. S. diplomats, even in tiniest countries, bowed and talked and cabled the State Department. Most of their reports were, of course, jubilant. Austria who lost the War called it "the first step toward clearing away the War mess." At Vatican City it was likened to "Lindbergh coming through the foggy night." At Warsaw Poles talked of "help for political ills" as

National Affairs—(Continued)

well. Greece was ready to accept the Hoover terms while old Prague wanted to know whether a moratorium would also apply to their debt to U. S. for outfitting the Czech Legion during the War. Phlegmatic Holland skeptically shrugged her



Acme-P. & A.

ANDREW WILLIAM MELLON

. . . confronted food and horses.

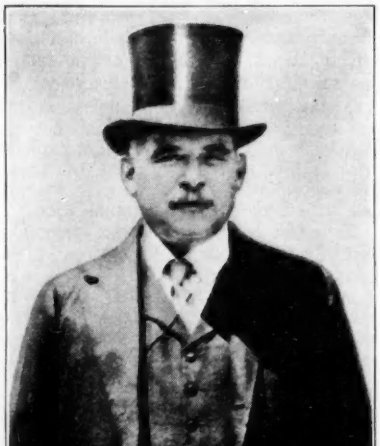
shoulders as might have been expected. And while a Brussels newspaper declared: "President Hoover, the admirable director of Belgian relief, remains faithful to his ideal," the cagey Belgian Government quaintly protested diplomacy-by-telephone ("an American innovation") and waited to see what France would do.

The focal point of all last week's top-hatted diplomatic activity was in Paris. There the nervous elbows of Ambassador Edge, smart advertising man who became U. S. Senator from New Jersey and married Maine's prettiest girl, fanned up and down more excitedly than ever. He had no more than delivered the Hoover proposal at the Quai d'Orsay than all France began to pout because of the notion that the U. S. President had neglected to conduct any preliminary discussions with her. Time and again, Ambassador Edge's motor hummed through the Place de l'Alma, across the Seine at Pont Alexander III and back to the Foreign Office, where he assured Premier Pierre Laval over and over that the U. S. had not discussed its plan with any other country. M. Laval nodded his head politely, incredulously What about that letter from Old Paul von Hindenburg? What about Mellon being all this time in England?

After the French note had been delivered to Washington, President Hoover decided U. S. Diplomacy at Paris needed some added prestige. Therefore he flashed an order to his cautious and charming old Secretary of the Treasury. When Secretary Mellon had crossed the channel and arrived at the Gare du Nord French officials and friends, including M. Robert Lacour-Gayet, crowded to meet him. "Are you glad to be in Paris?" asked M. Lacour-Gayet. Replied Secretary Mellon: "M. Lacour-Gayet, we are here."

Secretary Mellon sent his luggage to the Ritz and went to the Embassy to dine. There he and Ambassador Edge reviewed the French position on the Hoover plan. Next day after a formal luncheon he sat long and solemnly with Premier Laval. Later he matched figures and wits with Finance Minister Flandin. Then he went back to the Embassy and asked the telephone operator to get him the President of the U. S. His gentle voice promised Mr. Hoover a report, after further negotiations, on which the U. S. could base its reply to France.

In Washington, Andrew Mellon's senior in rank, Henry Lewis Stimson, was so busy with despatches that he missed his train to New York; flew; sailed, as scheduled, for Italy aboard the *S.S. Conte Grande*. His trip was originally intended to be a vacation but President Hoover after receiving the French reply, foresaw where his Secretary of State could be more useful abroad than in his high-ceiled Washington office.* On the *Conte Grande* a cabin near his B deck suite had been especially fitted out as an office for the Secretary of State who took with him Captain Eugene A. Regnier, his military aide, Allen T. Klots, his special assistant, and George A. Morlock, a State Department code expert to handle the Stimson messages to the White House.



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

. . . was not begrudged.

About Washington the moratorium idea spread so easily and rapidly that overzealous newsmen were soon depicting

HEINRICH SAHM

. . . waxed fervent.

President Hoover as about to move to secure some sort of debt relief for South America. So persistent became these yarns, that President Hoover had to declare publicly: "There is absolutely no foundation for the stories. . . . These remain, as do all private debts, solely a relationship between debtors and creditors." A young Negro couple called at the White House to ask the President to marry them "if he wasn't busy." Some potent Senators and Representatives with whom he had failed to consult in his first canvass of Congressional opinion fortnight ago were miffed at his apparent neglect. To soothe their pride and keep them friendly he despatched personal messages to each and every member of the 72nd Congress with this request: "If you are favorable to the proposal, it would undoubtedly aid in the negotiations now in progress if you could inform me thereof." The White House was deluged with responses, practically all favorable. Notable exception: Hiram Johnson of California, where Hearstpapers are strong.

Because Congress does not meet until Dec. 7 and debt suspension must be voted by Dec. 15, the next international pay day, President Hoover was pressed to relax his opposition to a special session. Utah's Senator Reed Smoot estimated it would take six weeks to legislate on this matter. Mississippi's Democratic Senator Pat Harrison, so actively in favor of the Hoover plan that he called for a political armistice during its consideration, told the President the House would be tied up for weeks selecting a Speaker, advised him to call Congress into special session in late autumn. The Hoover head continued to shake in disapproval.

*Determined to use all his official personnel to push his plan through quickly, the President had at first suggested that Statesman Stimson broadcast a radio explanation of the moratorium to the country. Statesman Stimson hustled back to his own office, called in aides with facts and figures, wrote out a speech while radio time was secured over two big broadcasting chains. Next day, though, President Hoover read in the public prints that France's contrariness was increasing, decided that a Stimson speech might complicate future negotiations. When the Secretary returned with a draft of his address for White House approval, the President ordered him to pocket it, cancel the broadcast. Sheepishly Statesman Stimson told newsmen that he had decided to "sleep on it." Into the wastebasket went bales of the never-to-be-delivered Stimson speech just off the State Department mimeograph.

National Affairs—(Continued)

The final stamp of non-partisanship was placed on the Hoover proposal by Jouett Shouse, chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee and one of the President's severest political critics. Said he: "It is gratifying to be able to endorse and commend . . . the proclamation of the President. . . . His position shows statesmanship, courage and decision. . . . But I cannot pledge in advance the votes of Democratic Senators and Representatives. . . ."

Republicans, however, were not quite so scrupulous about keeping the Hoover plan out of politics. Exclaimed Senator Smoot: "A splendid thing for the good of the party—and for the good of the country!" Declared James Francis Burke, G. O. P. counsel: "From now on the fortunes of the Republican party are certain to improve."

The only objection leveled against the Hoover plan was that among its beneficiaries would be the top-hatted gentlemen who earn their daily bread in the fields of international finance. Quick to take this line of attack were the Hearstpapers whose big-nosed publisher, predicting that Herbert Hoover could be elected President of any country but the U. S., declared "here and now for Calvin Coolidge for the next President of the U. S." Led as always by the great internationally-minded House of Morgan, the sagest bankers and economists of the land had long and quietly been pressing just some such scheme upon the White House only to be turned off with the excuse that the country would not stand for it. That President Hoover's plan received such popular approval perhaps surprised no one more than himself. As it was, not even the Democrats were inclined to molest the international bankers in the enjoyment of their victory or to make trouble for the President on this obvious score. Declared Senator Harrison, usually a Hoover-twitter of the first order: "To those who say that the plan is in the interest of international bankers and the holders of German securities, I answer back and say, yes, it may help them. But why should we grudge that? Are they not a part of our American citizenship?"

With the blessing of Wall Street and all other markets upon him, President Hoover motored to his Rapidan camp to relax. Mrs. Hoover had preceded him there. Their guests included George Woodward Wickersham, Bruce Barton, Newbold Noyes (Washington editor), Edgar Rickard (old business friend). Behind him the President left a world still echoing with his praise. Happiest of cities was Berlin. Its 6 ft. 6 in. *Oberbürgermeister*, Heinrich ("Uncle Sam") Sahm, went before the International Convention of Building Trades fervently to declare: "I propose President Hoover for the Nobel Peace Prize. He is a candidate without competition. His action means more for real peace than anything done in the last decade." The great Berlin *Tageblatt* observed sagely: "The philosopher Wilson seized us by the nape of the neck; the Engineer Hoover captures our hearts."

COMMUNICATIONS

RCA Wins

Can radio communication be maintained between a broadcasting station and a receiving set without vacuum tubes? Three Federal Radio Commissioners last week legalistically reasoned that it could be, whereas two others insisted it was a physical impossibility.

The case at issue was the renewal of 1,403 Federal licenses granted four subsidiaries of Radio Corp. of America (National Broadcasting, RCA Communications, Radiomarine, RCA-Victor). A Federal Court in Delaware had found that RCA by its patent manufacturing licenses was attempting to monopolize vacuum tubes. The Federal Radio Act bars from the air monopolies of "radio communication." The Radio Protective Association asked the Federal Radio Commission to enforce the law and put RCA off the air (TIME, June 29). This, last week, the Commission, in a 3-to-2 decision, refused to do. A literal-minded majority scanned the Delaware decision, failed to find any reference to a monopoly of "radio communication." The effect of its ruling was that a monopoly of radio apparatus does not constitute a monopoly of radio communication.

General Charles McKinley Saltzman, the Commission's chairman, voicing its minority opinion, swept aside legal fictions and declared: "Receivers are a fundamental part of the apparatus necessary to radio broadcasting communication and the tube is an essential part of such receivers. . . . When considered in the light of this fact . . . Radio Corp. of America was unlawfully attempting to monopolize radio broadcasting communication."

Defeated before the Commission, Oswald Francis Schuette, RPA lobbyist, exclaimed: "An insult to the intelligence of Congress! . . . It would be absurd to take the matter to the courts. Congress can work faster than the courts in protecting radio against this monopoly."

THE TARIFF

Up: 3; Down: 4

Last week President Hoover started the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act on its second year with a cautious bit of rate-flexing. On recommendation of the Tariff Commission, he upped the duty on dried eggs (from China), hemp cordage (from Italy) and bicycle bells (from Germany). He lowered the duty on bentwood furniture (from Czechoslovakia), olive oil in packages (from Italy) religious and commercial organs (from Canada). He agreed with the Commission that no flexing was needed for the rates on pig iron, cheese, hides and skins, olive oil in bulk or cast bells, chimes and carillons.

When President Hoover signed the tariff act with six gold pens, he promised to make liberal use of its flexibility provision to eliminate "inequalities and injustices." During the law's first year the Commission was asked to investigate 193 commodities with a view to rate changes. In this period the President, on the Commission's advice, increased three duties (wire fencing, wire netting and Fourdrinier wire), reduced seven (maple sugar and syrup, straw hats, pigskin leather, edible gelatine, wood flour, wool felt hats), let stand unchanged six (ultramarine blue, wool floor coverings, pipes, pipe bowls, cigar and cigaret holders). The Commission's recommendation to cut the rates on canning tomatoes, tomato paste and cherries, sulphured or in brine, President Hoover rejected. Last week's flexing made the President's tariff score: rates cut, 11; rates upped, 6; rates unchanged, 14; total, 31. There are 3,200 articles listed in the Tariff Act.

Critics of the Republican tariff last week flaunted in the Administration's face this extravagant forecast made by Indiana's Senator James Eli Watson, Republican leader, in June 1930. "It is my prediction today, deliberately made on the floor of the Senate, that after the passage of this [Hawley-Smoot] bill . . . this nation will be on the upgrade, financially, economically and commercially within 30 days, and that within a year from this time we shall have regained the peak of prosperity we lost last October."

STATES & CITIES

Technical

As important page one news as the neighborhood's bloody coal strike (see p. 14) last week was the indictment of Pittsburgh's Mayor Charles H. Kline for malfeasance in office. Also indicted was Bertram L. Succop, onetime director of the city's Department of Supplies, whom Mayor Kline dismissed as soon as the present investigation into municipal food-buying loomed. A grand jury found that food contracts had not been let to the lowest responsible bidder, that contracts had been given to firms under fictitious names, that contemplated purchases of over $500 had not been advertised as required by law, that purchases had been made without municipal authorization. The reflection was that Mayor Kline had been grafting. Commented he: "The charges are only technical."

. . .

Hamtramck, Mich., a city of 50,000 surrounded by Detroit, found its chief executive in difficulty last week. Mayor Rudolph G. Tenerowicz and twelve others —including two named Jacob ("Yosher") Kaplan and Isaac ("Forty Grand Ike") Levey—were indicted for bribery.

Norris Ousted

Jean Hortense Norris, New York city's first woman magistrate, blanched, tried to rise, then sat stone still for 20 minutes last week when she heard five justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court unanimously find her guilty of judicial malfeasance and order her removed from office (TIME, Feb. 23 *et seq.*). When she was able to get up, she left the courthouse amid boos and jeers, went to visit her good friends Major & Mrs. Lloyd

National Affairs—(Continued)

A. Kefauver at the Army barracks on Governors Island. Remarked Major Kefauver: "She's the godmother of my children and everything a godmother ought to be."

Mrs. Norris, long publicized as "woman's judge of women," was the first magistrate to be ousted as a result of Samuel Seabury's investigation of Manhattan's inferior courts.* She was convicted on five counts: 1) altering the stenographic record of a case appealed from her court; 2) jailing as a wayward minor on hearsay evidence a girl artist found living with a married man by a Methodist deaconess; 3) ordering special probation reports to support her convictions of prostitutes who had appealed; 4) buying stock in a bail bond concern that did business in her court; 5) exploiting her office for $1,000 from Fleischmann's yeast. Though not corrupt she was found "judicially unfit" to occupy the bench on which she had so proudly sat for twelve happy years.

Within 48 hours there were six aspirants for the 54-year-old ousted jurist's $12,000 job. They were a female assistant district attorney who gets $7,500; two female deputy assistants who get $4,000 and $3,240; the sister of a male magistrate; a female attorney; a female member of the State insurance department. Tammany indicated that it would appoint a female to "vindicate" the city's women.

As soon as the court had passed on Mrs. Norris's case it went out to lunch. When it came back from lunch it began to hear the case against Magistrate Jesse Silbermann, also impugned by the Seabury investigation, also on the Women's Court bench. Mr. Seabury contended that Magistrate Silbermann was in cahoots with shysters, had been guilty of "bias, prejudice and conspiracy to defeat justice."

*Magistrate Albert H. Vitale before the Seabury inquiry began was removed by the Supreme Court because of financial dealings with an underworldling. Three other magistrates have resigned under Seabury fire.

TERRITORIES

Aguinaldo Goes Over

Until General Frederick Funston captured the insurrectionary chief 30 years ago in the steamy jungles of the Philippines, Emilio Aguinaldo was a bloody name with which to frighten U. S. children after dark. Ever since his parole, Aguinaldo has been one of the sturdiest native supporters of U. S. rule. His son and General Funston's were friendly classmates at West Point four years ago. Aguinaldo would have nothing to do with the local movement for immediate Philippine independence.

But last week the chief, now old and brown, reversed his 30-year position, went over to the *Independistas*. From a Manila hospital bed where he lay with a broken leg, Aguinaldo revealed to spry young Senator Arthur Robinson Robinson of Indiana his change of heart. The Aguinaldo plan: 1) immediate freedom for the islands; 2) five years for the U. S. to withdraw all its trappings of sovereignty; 3) ten years more of free trade between the U. S. and the Philippines. The ex-insurrecto predicted that independence would not sink the islands economically, that

Acme-P. & A.

FILIPINO AGUINALDO

He broke his leg and changed his heart.

sheer native gratitude for freedom would win U. S. capital better than it now gets. Aguinaldo wants to come to the U. S. to help fight for independence before Congress but Congress sits only in winter and the Filipino cannot stand cold weather.

This summer Manila has become a mecca for junketing Senators and Representatives. When Missouri's Senator Hawes, author of the pending independence bill, landed, he was almost overwhelmed with native demonstration of affection and delight. Other Philippine visitors included Senators Oddie and Pittman of Nevada, Patterson of Missouri and Vandenberg of Michigan; Representatives Gibson of Vermont and Dowell of Iowa. Most of them went to the islands with their minds made up for independence. After their visits all except Representative Dowell began to think that freedom might be an economic catastrophe.

Last week in Washington Connecticut's Senator Hiram Bingham, chairman of the Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs and bitter opponent of Philippine independence, admitted that he was defeated and that the next Congress would legislate to free the islands. His only hope, he said, was that President Hoover would veto such a bill. Philippine independence, according to the Senator, now commands a Congressional majority because members from farm districts want to put the islands outside the U. S. tariff and thus eliminate their competition with domestic vegetable oils and sugar. Declared Senator Bingham: "The Filipinos' chief grievance against American occupaton is that some American officials do not practice the Golden Rule with regard to social equality."

CRIME

Sentence

One misty morning in Manhattan last week a score of criminals plodded across the Bridge of Sighs from the Tombs to the Criminal Courts Building. At the head of the procession, handcuffed to a Porto Rican burglar, marched well-groomed Bernard K. Marcus, high-headed president of the defunct Bank of United States. Behind him with head bowed came Saul Singer, chairman of the executive committee, manacled to his 24-year-old son Herbert, bewildered dummy in the bank's subsidiaries. Week before all three had been convicted of wilfully misapplying $8,000,000 of Bank of United States' money before it crashed in the biggest failure in U. S. bank history (TIME, June 29).

A back elevator whisked them up to a small court room on the top floor. On the bench sat Judge George L. Donnellan who presided over their twelve-week trial. The three defendants lined up at the bar, their hands white where they clenched the rail. They had been convicted on a complicated bookkeeping evidence for juggling bank funds among subsidiaries. But their real offense, morally if not legally, was wrecking the Bank of United States. Declared Judge Donnellan:

"I believe it was greed on the part of Marcus and Singer that led them into their difficulties. . . . I am going to sentence Marcus and Saul Singer to State's prison [Sing Sing] for from three to six years." He sentenced Son Herbert to the penitentiary, three months to three years.

As the three discredited bankers were marched back to their cells in the Tombs, impoverished depositors of the Bank of U. S. gathered in the hallways, booed and hissed them. Back in the Tombs they munched egg and cheese sandwiches from the prison commissary while outside most New York citizens felt justice had been done.

But the State was by no means done with the Bank of U. S. failure. Next day diminutive Isidor Jacob Kresel, the bank's counsel, pleaded not guilty to six indictments charging him with the same set of crimes which resulted in the Marcus-Singer conviction. Lawyer Kresel, under Referee Samuel Seabury, had been actively prosecuting the investigation of the Magistrates' Courts in Manhattan (see p. 12) when the Bank of U. S. failed, causing his retirement from public service. From a sick bed, with a fever of 104°, he appeared last winter before the Grand Jury, swore that there was "something suspiciously wrong" about the $8,000,000 deal, denied that he had anything to do with it. Later, as a defense witness at the Marcus-Singer trial, he swore that he knew all about the deal, repudiated his Grand Jury testimony. For this contradiction Lawyer Kresel was indicted again, this time for perjury, conviction for which carries a 20-year sentence. His attorney, John William Davis, Democratic contender for the Presidency in 1924, insisted that the charge was "wholly unthinkable."

National Affairs—(Continued)

LABOR

In the Pittsburgh Area

Take a pencil. Take a U. S. map. Draw a line from Canton, Ohio, to Williamsport, Pa., then to the middle of the southern Tennessee border, then back to Canton. Within that wedge lies the great eastern bituminous coal field. Mark off the central third of the wedge: the southwest corner of Pennsylvania, the northern spike of West Virginia, a narrow strip that lies beyond the Ohio River in Ohio. If you drive fast, your car will take you across that country in five hours. It is "The Pittsburgh Area," the richest bituminous deposit in the world, whence comes one-fifth (some 100,000,000 tons a year) of the nation's soft coal. Now take a red crayon and dot the Pittsburgh Area, for in many of its countless, wretched little mining communities during the past month —and particularly last week—blood flowed.

On May 29, miners in the Pittsburgh Area struck. By June 9 they numbered 19,000, including 4,000 West Virginia miners who walked out weeks before. They protested "starvation wages," poor working conditions, poor living conditions, non-union check weighmen at the tipples (scales). Not only were they disgruntled at their employers but with each other, for their strength was divided between two unions—the old United Mine Workers of America (affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) and the New National Miners Union of Communist complexion, formed in 1928. Each disavowed the other. The National said the United had betrayed the miners when it was bested in the 1927 strike. The United said the National was an organization of irresponsible radicals. Picketing of mines and demonstrations against workers who would not walk out followed, attended by violence and mobbery. Results for June were as follows:

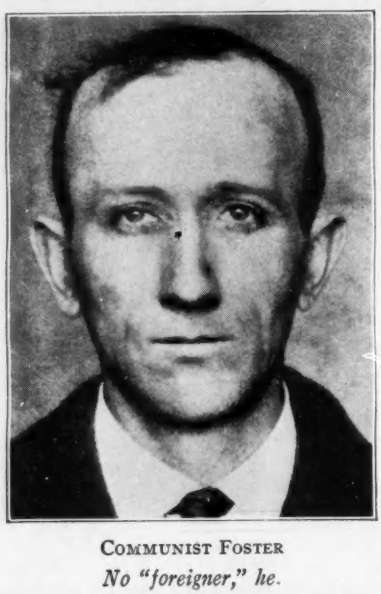
In **West Virginia** there was picketing but little civil disorder.

In **Ohio** disturbance was most violent at the M. A. Hanna Company's New Lafferty mine, where an encampment of 400 strikers, women and children, was established. The mine was rushed twice, successfully defended by company guards. Shortly thereafter, a mob of 2,000 stormed the jail. Seven more agitators were apprehended, twelve overcome by tear gas.

In **Pennsylvania** the situation was even more acute. On June 8, deputies, State police and Coal & Iron police tried to disperse 1,000 picketers at the Westland mine of Pittsburgh Coal Co. with tear gas. At the Ellsworth mine of Bethlehem Steel Corp., miners stormed a barricade with sticks and stones, were repelled by tear gas and machinegun fire.

On June 11 a strike sympathizer was shot at Gallatin by a deputy who said the man threatened him. On June 13 a train carrying 60 strikebreakers from Cleveland to the Kinloch mine (Valley Camp Coal Co.) was stopped near Parnassus by ties placed across the tracks by strikers. The 200 strikers broke all the windows in the train, battled up and down the right of way with State police.

Pinchot Patching. Meanwhile, what was Governor Gifford Pinchot, outspoken foe of "the interests," doing? With a sly



COMMUNIST FOSTER
No "foreigner," he.

dig at his predecessor, John S. Fisher, said he: "I recognize the terrible conditions in the mining district. They were bad when I was in office before [1923–27]. I arbitrated the anthracite strike and conditions were improved there. After I went out of office, conditions got worse. . . . I have no power over the judges and the injunctions they grant [against picketing]. I have no power to prevent evictions [of miners from company-owned houses]. I have no power to stop the deputy sheriffs from breaking up picket lines. . . . I am making an honest effort to end this trouble. . . . Operators cannot sell coal at prices people will not pay. But I am doing the best I can to get work back." He also made it known that he would disband the notorious Coal & Iron police on July 1, as promised. Most of these men, however, will be re-employed by the companies as watchmen.

Governor Pinchot's first step toward patching up the quarrel was to call a secret meeting between President Samuel Pursglove of Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corp. (a $23,000,000 concern operating seven mines at present and second in the Area only to Pittsburgh Coal Co.) and United Mine Workers officials on June 18. United Mine Workers had already agreed with two smaller companies on a wage scale of 58¢ a ton for loading machine-mined coal, 78¢ a ton for "picked" coal, $4.80 for day work. Upshot of Pittsburgh Terminal's conference with the union was that last week the company offered work to union miners for the first time in four years. United representatives said that 1,800 men had gone back to Pittsburgh Terminal. National Miners Union, whose wage demands differ very little from those granted United, repudiated the agreement, said that only 350 men had returned to Pittsburgh Terminal's workings, that they had already coaxed some of these away.

Unpatching. Last week just as some semblance of peace was about to be restored to the district a fresh outburst of tragedies occurred. In defiance of an injunction, a mob of 600 National strikers marched on Butler Consolidated's Wildwood mine. According to police, the march had been planned the day before by William Z. Foster, No. 1 U. S. Communist whose Trade Union Unity League embraces the National. According to strikers, the deputies started firing without warning. Throwing rocks, the miners stood their ground for 15 min. When the smoke cleared away, twelve strikers, including a woman, lay wounded and groaning in the roadway. A man named Peter Zigaric was killed. Forty-one of his comrades were arrested.

At 7 o'clock next morning, a truck carrying men to work at Pricedale (Pittsburgh Coal Co.) rumbled through Arnold. Strikers blocked the road, pleaded with the strikebreakers. Then a little boy threw an egg at one of the convoying deputies. The shooting started. One Mike Filopovich, 40, father of five, ran to the door of his store, which also houses the National relief station. One slug clipped him in the head, another in the chest. He died instantly. Four strikers were wounded. Six constables and two Coal & Iron policemen were arrested for the killing. The Governor ordered an investigation.

Sketchy press reports made little attempt to picture the hatred, misery and ignorance seething in this shabby community, for by now it is an old story, uniform for all the country's bituminous fields.

Significance. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, solidly conservative, sat quietly in Washington. Most active strike leader on the ground was lean-faced, mild-mannered Communist Foster. Against him, radical as they come, no cry of "foreigner" could be raised by patriotic coal operators because he was born at Taunton, Mass., 50 years ago. Last year he languished six months in a New York City jail for leading a Red demonstration at Union Square against police orders. He emerged just in time to run for Governor of New York on the Communist ticket, poll 18,034 votes. Last month he was ejected from Moundsville, W. Va. for trying to address striking miners. In last week's disturbances he controlled his temper, did not get himself into the headlines by vigorously championing the National Miners Union side.

In 1927 there was the issue of the Jacksonville Agreement, which the operators claimed they could not live up to. But the hardship and wretchedness of this year's "starvation strike" appeared to be not the result of sudden conflict, but the festering of a chronic industrial disease.

Because it was summer, because coal mining is already the most overmanned industry in the land, the strike in the Pittsburgh Area produced no fuel shortage, affected the comfortable habits of 122,000,000 people not at all.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Blue Shirts & Blood

With his chest expanding under a livid blue shirt Commander Oliver Stillingfleet Locker-Lampson, patriotic Conservative M. P., proudly surveyed last week 20,000 seething, applauding Britons whom he had summoned to London's mammoth Albert Hall.

A big blue flag drooped from a staff at the Commander's right. Most of the audience wore at least a bit of blue. Women in azure dresses and hats wore brooches with the motto: *Fear God! Fear Naught!* Men wore blue enameled cuff-links with the same motto in their blue cuffs. Outside Albert Hall waited several swank blue motor cars with the radiator emblem *Fear God! Fear Naught!* The blue blood of the British ruling class was up—this was the charter mass-meeting of Commander Locker-Lampson's blue-shirted "Sentinels of Empire," founded "to peacefully fight Bolshevism and clear out the Reds!"

Brass bandsmen blared a stirring tune. To their feet leaped the 10,000 blues and lustily sang thus:

The night of slothful ease is past,
The days of fear are gone at last,
And England's voice is raised in a song
That we shout aloud as we march along!

Chorus:
March on!
March strong!
Honor and Liberty call.
Sons of the free, our duty be
To fight for freedom for all!
Ty-rants and foes be-ware!
Our swords are in the air.
So shoul-ders to-ge-ther!
For-ward for e-ver!
To triumph we march four square.

Second verse:
Let others scream their Hymns of Hate,
And work to undermine the State.
Our heritage is builded high
On faith and love—they will not die!

Chorus:
March on!
March strong! etc.

This lyric was personally composed by Commander Locker-Lampson, son of English poet Frederick Locker, maternal grandson of the late Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart., a Vermonter, said to have been the first American ever made a British baronet. The music for Commander Locker-Lampson's patriotic song *March On!* is from the British Gaumont talking film *High Treason.*

Stirring speeches at the mass meeting were made by Rear-Admiral Murray Fraser Sueter, M. P., and Brigadier-General Sir Henry Page Croft, M. P., as well as by Commander Locker-Lampson, M. P. Cards printed as follows were distributed: "Do you approve of the use of *Fear God! Fear Naught!* as our motto? . . . the use of *March On* as our battle song? . . . the use of a distinctive color?"

. . .

Medals for weight-putting and other feats of strength were won by Student Locker-Lampson at Eton and Cambridge; in 1898 he won the Prince Consort's Prize for German; in 1900 edited the Cambridge undergraduate *Granta.* Amateur theatricals were still his passion after he became a barrister and later Lieutenant-Commander.

During the War Patriot Locker-Lampson was in service with armored car divisions in France, Belgium, Austria, Rumania, Russia, Turkey, Persia. In 1918

BLUE LOCKER-LAMPSON
His blood was up.

he was appointed Russian Representative of the Ministry of Information, learned to hate the new Soviet Republic which had been proclaimed Nov. 7, 1917. In 1921 Commander Locker-Lampson attained the pinnacle of his career thus far, was Lord Privy Seal for a short time, has been a vigorous, valuable Conservative henchman for the past decade. In London last week few expected him to become in more than nickname "Britain's Hitler," much less "Britain's Mussolini."

Bums, Winnie & Honest Abe

With the British Dole fund already $437,000,000 in debt last week, Scot MacDonald's Government asked authorization from the House of Commons to borrow another $121,500,000 from the Exchequer.

"This sum will last until next January if we have only 2,500,000 unemployed," said the Minister of Labor, Miss Margaret ("Saint Maggie") Bondfield. "With 2,750,000 unemployed it will last until November; and with 3,000,000 it will last until October."

The $121,500,000 demanded last week roughly equals half the cost of the Royal Navy for a year. The House of Commons promptly voted the borrowing of this huge sum 283 to 236. That no British party dares to risk loss of votes by abolishing the Dole appears from the fact that when last in power the Conservatives (now its chief opponents) not only did not abolish the Dole but did not even curtail it though they had complete control of the House of Commons.

Observed pungent Winston Churchill, immediate predecessor of Philip Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer: "To ask a British Socialist Government to . . . put its funds into solvency is like asking a fish to climb a hill. That is not what he is for; he is not made that way. . . . Lax and lavish expenditure on the Dole . . . is good electioneering."

Intoxicated by his own aptitude at phrase-coining, Mr. Churchill declared that Britain is heading straight for a "Government of the Dole-drawers, by the Dole-drawers and for the Dole-drawers." Above these Churchillisms the *Daily Mail* printed a cartoon showing the benches of the House of Commons prophetically occupied by vacant-eyed bums (Dole-drawers). Towering above them but ignored, loomed the futile ghost of Abraham Lincoln.

Worthy Primate, Modest Giver

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much.

"And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.

"And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury:

"For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Mark—12: 41-44.

No widow's mite was the $10,000,000 which Manhattan's Edward Stephen Harkness gave to British charity (TIME, Oct. 6, 1930). This gift caused George V and Queen Mary to receive Mr. and Mrs. Harkness *tête-a-tête* (TIME, June 22). Last week at a luncheon in the Great Giver's honor Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, did his bit.

"We admire not so much the extent and value of Mr. Harkness' benefactions," sonorously intoned the Primate, "as the spirit in which they are fulfilled. We have in mind the man behind the gift."

Dr. Lang is the sort of man who would rather have a pious widow's mite than $10,000,000 not given in the proper spirit. The Archbishop would live meanly among the poor, were he not obliged to live sumptuously at Lambeth Palace. The Primate would sail to Jerusalem in a fishing smack like St. Peter's, did not J. P. Morgan insist upon taking him there on the *Corsair* (TIME, March 16).

Mr. Harkness is a man who almost never says anything to the public. Responding to Dr. Lang last week, while Poet Rudyard Kipling looked on and nodded approval, the Great Giver said:

"When I remember the very eminent men whom you have entertained and some of the splendid addresses you have listened to I only wish it was within my power to follow in their footsteps and say

Foreign News—(Continued)

something which might be of profit to you to hear. But as nature has withheld this gift from me, I content myself with telling you how very glad I am to be here, how very pleased I am to have been entertained by you, and to thank you from the bottom of my heart."

FRANCE

Herbert Hoover v. *$2.36*

Mr. Hoover is offering to surrender $257,000,000 if France will surrender $97,000,000. Crudely stated, he is suggesting that every inhabitant of France put $2.36 into the pot while every inhabitant of the United States puts in only $2.11.

New York *Herald Tribune* Editorial.

If the leading U. S. Republican Party newsorgan could thus see clearly last week that President Hoover has asked Frenchmen to make a greater sacrifice than he has asked U. S. citizens or anyone else to make, how much more clearly and with what flashing indignation was this fact perceived by the press, politicians and public of France.

"Mr. Hoover summons France to execute herself as he would summon Nicaragua," observed *L'Ere Nouvelle*, "and yet the whole world is astonished because we make a wry face!" Scattered through the text of conservative *La Liberté's* appraisal of Mr. Hoover were such epithets as *"parvenue insolence," "nouveau riche impertinent"* and "plain bad manners."

Radicals for Hoover. Fortunately the radical newspapers sympathized with President Hoover's idealism. Moreover the entire French Cabinet outdid themselves in efforts to present the Hoover note in a favorable light to an angry and mistrustful Chamber of Deputies. Patiently, tirelessly, Premier Pierre Laval explained and re-explained to the Chamber that President Hoover delivered no "ultimatum" to France. Repeatedly the alleged "abrupt" and "threatening" character of the President's proposals was flayed by Deputies. When Premier Laval, looking more than ever like a red-faced, perspiring butcher, soothingly observed, "Mr. Hoover has even sent Mr. Mellon to Paris," irate Deputy Franklin-Bouillon snapped: "The presence of Mellon is not an argument!"

In France Chamber debate trifles tell. When a venomous attack on the Government for consenting to have truck with Mr. Hoover was launched by Conservative Deputy Louis Marin, it was parried, and deflated in a twinkling by Foreign Minister Aristide Briand, "Master Parliamentarian of Europe," as follows.

M. Marin, whose mustache is not enormous, had worked himself into a fury while the huge-mustached Foreign Minister sat placidly dozing in his Chamber chair. "Aha!" cried M. Marin after one of his sallies, "I see the Foreign Minister smiling in his mustache!"

With lightning, devastating wit that made the Chamber roar with laughter and blunted M. Marin's attack, M. Briand shot back, "So you see me smiling in my mustache, M. Marin? *Hélas,* I could not smile in yours!"

Eight Course Negotiations. As a matter of routine the French Chamber voted earlier last week to spend an additional $96,000,000 on frontier fortifications. But

THE PREMIER OF FRANCE

Patient, tireless, red-faced, magnificent.

to relinquish $97,000,000 as President Hoover asked, to make this sacrifice for the benefit of Germany which has twice invaded and ravaged French territory and will perhaps do so again—that was asking of the French Chamber too much.

Premier Laval wisely did not ask it. He prepared instead a note to President Hoover (see p. 10) which embodies from the French point of view important concessions. He risked the life of his Cabinet in presenting it to the Chamber. With all his rugged strength of body and mind he fought a furious Chamber battle for a vote of confidence. He won—magnificently—a majority of 197 votes in a Chamber of 610.

With his prestige thus strengthened, M. Laval began the real work of negotiation with Secretary Mellon. There were luncheons. Here too the indomitable continuity of French life and thought would not be swayed one inch. Mr. Mellon would doubtless have preferred to wolf down a club sandwich and drink a glass of milk while he talked. Instead the luncheons averaged eight courses, each course accompanied by a different and appropriate wine.

Luncheon at the Ministry of Finance was laid by devil-may-care servants for 13. But so strongly did the statesmen protest that they did not care, that Finance Minister Pierre Etienne Flandin dashed into his adjoining private apartments, brought back flustered Mme Flandin who made 14—the only woman at table.

With President Hoover and Secretary Stimson fairly fuming at each moment's delay, M. Flandin then motored his guests out to Longchamps where they saw not a horse race but *the* horse race of the Paris *Grande Semaine*—Le Grand Prix.

Security. What the Frenchman-in-the-street seemed to remember with most resentment last week was this: two years ago Tycoon Owen D. Young and important banking interests proposed to place, did place, Reparations on a "business basis."

The whole point of the Young Plan, emphasized *ad nauseam,* was that it made German payments so secure that not only would France and other countries get all their money in the end, but they would also get a great part of it at once by selling bonds to the public secured by Germany's promise to pay.

With a great moral gesture "political extortion" was wiped from Reparations and Germany accepted the Young Plan "voluntarily"—in return for important concessions. One of these was that the Young Plan scaled down the total Germany was expected by France to pay, from $31,000,000,000 to $10,000,000,000 (TIME, June 10, 1929). Another was the withdrawal of French troops from the Rhineland five years ahead of schedule (TIME, July 14, 1930).

Jean Frenchman and his press, perhaps short-sighted, saw last week: *first,* that President Hoover proposed to abrogate for one year even the Young Plan, for France the minimum of all minimums; *second,* that the President proposed no guarantee that Germany will not use the sums released to her for military purposes or for loans to boost German trade with Russia; *third,* that the Hoover plan embodied no element of "security" to France, no element of guarantee or compulsion with respect to resumption by Germany of payment next year; *finally,* that William Randolph Hearst and Senator Hiram Johnson (both of California where the President has his home), were shouting last week that Mr. Hoover's real purpose is to use a one-year moratorium as the World's stepping stone to permanent cancellation.

In France, so often invaded, the ruling passion is for SECURITY, either through money, guarantees or arms. If Messrs. Hoover, Stimson and Mellon injected SECURITY into their plan during the negotiations under way last week its acceptance by the French Government was certain, by the French Chamber probable.

BRAZIL

Burnt Offering

Citizens of Santos went to their work and back to their homes last week in a thick and pungent fog. Economists did not mind the smell. In an effort to reduce Brazil's enormous stocks of coffee, a mountain of 530,000 bags of low grade coffee was piled up, soaked with oil and set alight. All day long the coffee volcano roared into the sky, darkened the heavens with the smell of a billion spoiled breakfasts.

Foreign News—(Continued)

ITALY

1500 Years

One half of the bare whitewashed courtroom of Sciacca, Sicily, is taken up by three enormous cages of stout iron bars. On wooden benches inside the cages last week sat 178 scowling swarthy Sicilians, all soberly dressed. Scattered among the prisoners were a few self-conscious *carabinieri* fingering their white shoulder belts nervously. Entered the jury that had been deliberating for four days. "Guilty!"—in crisp official Italian, the judge pronounced sentences.

For a series of 43 terrorist murders, 15 of the prisoners were sentenced to life imprisonment, 109 others received sentences totaling 1500 years.*

A ruckus broke out that sent the pigeons fluttering from the courthouse roof, set little Sicilian donkeys braying hilariously in the nearby marketplace. Prisoners spat, screamed, bit their thumbs at the jury, howled maledictions. Resourceful Matteo Balsamo, sentenced for life, tore off his shoes, hurled them with appropriate curses through the bars of his cage at the jury. The jury kept their shoes on.

The 15 centuries of punishment that began last week marked one of the last stages in a campaign that began in May 1926 when Benito Mussolini decided that the secret terrorist organization known as the Sicilian Mafia, the "Black Hand," was a blot on the name of Italy. He commissioned Fascist Prefect Cesare Mori of Palermo to eradicate it.

For three years earnest Fascists scoured Sicily worming evidence from terrified farmers against the Mafia. In 1929, when the offices of Fascist Mori were jammed with evidence of more than 100 murders, the first of these great mass trials began (TIME, Oct. 24, 1927). Fascist prosecutors rushed from Rome to Sicily. In May 1929, 150 Mafisti were convicted at Termini Imerese. In January 1930, 170 more were sent to jail at Palermo. In July of the same year nine were given life sentences at Agrigento. Last week's trial nearly finishes the job.

**1500 years ago Valentinian III was Emperor of Rome, Attila the Hun was preparing to invade Gaul.*

TURKEY

Unsinkable Veteran

With the Commodore's pennant fluttering from her yardarm, her khaki sides glistening with new paint, the *Yawuz Sultan Selim*, flag-ship and only battle cruiser of the Turkish Navy, steamed into the Golden Horn last week after a trial cruise and battle practice. Two hundred and fifty French engineers and dockyard foremen prepared to leave the comfortable homes they have occupied at Ismid on the Sea of Marmora and go home.

Two years ago that most useful of naval registers, Jane's *Fighting Ships*, commented pithily on the *Yawuz Sultan Selim:* "Present condition is very bad, as all but two of her 24 boilers are out of action, and there are two unrepaired holes in hull below water line . . . has probably had more narrow escapes from destruction than any other dreadnought or battle cruiser in existence."

In 1911 the *Yawuz Sultan Selim* slid down the ways of the Hamburg shipbuilders Blohm & Voss (builders of the

EMPEROR OF GERMANY*

"We've caught the English scoundrels."

Europa) as the German battle cruiser *Goeben.*† Speedy, heavily armored, with innumerable watertight compartments, she was as far ahead of her time as Germany's latest 1931 warship, the pocket battleship *Deutschland*. At the beginning of the War she slipped through the British and French Mediterranean squadrons to Constantinople, where she was nominally attached to the Turkish Navy as the *Sultan Selim*.

In November 1914 she fought a single-handed engagement with three Russian predreadnoughts, had her bottom ripped open by two submerged mines. But the *Sultan Selim* did not sink. She limped to Constantinople where German engineers built cofferdams around her, patched her up and sent her to sea again where she promptly bumped into another mine. In 1917 she was severely bombed by British aviators. Battered but indestructible, the *Goeben-Sultan Selim* remained afloat. In 1918 with the *Breslau*, the patch-bottomed *Sultan Selim* sank the British monitors *Raglan* and *M 28*. She was mined again and beached by her commander. Allied bombing planes and submarines attacked her repeatedly, but she remained unsinkable.

Ensued nearly ten years of neglect. Rust nearly did what the British Navy could not, but in 1926 the French shipbuilding firm of Penhoët at St. Nazaire, builders of the liners *Ile de France, Paris* and *France,* offered to rebuild her. The Turkish Government accepted on condition that the entire job be done in Turkey.

There was no suitable Navy yard in Turkey. Penhoët built one at Ismid, with a model village for 1500 workmen and 250 French engineers and foremen. The *Yawuz Sultan Selim* was hauled into a floating dry dock, which promptly sank under the cruiser's weight, had to be rebuilt. But the work was finally completed. Last week's fleet maneuvers proved that the *Yawuz Sultan Selim* is still one of the most useful of battle cruisers.

Commuter

From Angora it was announced that henceforth His Excellency Mouhtar Bey, Turkish Ambassador to the U. S., must consider himself Turkish Minister to Mexico as well, hold himself ready to rush to Mexico City in emergencies. Abruptly abolished was the post of Turkish Minister to Madrid, where the Turkish legation will function permanently under a Chargé d'Affaires. Reason for both: Economy.

SPAIN

Election

A pudgy gentleman with sparse unruly white hair and a toothbrush mustache stood patiently in line for nearly an hour under the dusty pepper trees by a Madrid polling place last week before he was recognized: Alcala Zamora, Provisional President of Spain.

The election last week for the first Spanish Parliament in seven years returned President Alcala Zamora (as a Deputy from Saragossa) and every member of his Cabinet. Numerous parties entered candidates, but as foreseen, conservative Republicans and moderate Socialists swept the boards. Communists made no progress. The only districts that showed Royalist strength were medieval Navarre, whose sympathies are not for Alfonso but his 60-year-old cousin, the Carlist Pretender Don Jaime; and Guadelajara, pocket borough of wrinkled canny Count de Romanones who used to dandle Alfonso XIII on his knee. Enthusiastically returned was Foreign Minister Alejandro Lerroux, whose power in the Government has been growing daily, who seemed certain to be Premier when a permanent Cabinet is chosen in July.

Two personalities were elected: Novelist Vicente Blasco Ibanez' son from Valencia, and that plump aerial cutup, Major Ramon Franco, who broke his leg last week when a campaign platform collapsed under him, from Barcelona.

Most important news of the week was the spread of the "home rule" movement from Catalonia to Andalusia, the Basque Provinces, and Galicia, traditional home of Spanish politicians. In Catalonia white-haired, white-toothed "President" Francisco Macia won an overwhelming victory.

**As such in 1911. Wilhelm Hohenzollern of Doorn is now 72 and bearded.*

†By building the Goeben and many another grim battle boat Germany dashed into the naval race with Britain which led straight to World War. Shrill above the German shipyards' anvil warbeat rose Kaiser Wilhelm's royal ravings:

"Germany . . . by a larger fleet . . . will bring the British to their senses through sheer fright! . . . England! Uncle! A most charming fellow, this King Edward VII! Ineffable cheek! Pharisee! Rot! Twaddle! Bunkum! Hurrah, we've caught the English scoundrels out this time!"

Foreign News—(Continued)

JUGOSLAVIA

Pribitchevitch & Mush

At the empty stomachs of Jugoslavia's persistent Pribitchevitches hunger gnawed last week and griped.

"Oh, ah!" groaned hunger-striking Mme Bosilka Pribitchevitch. But Adam Pribitchevitch, Valerian Pribitchevitch and Col. Milan Pribitchevitch starved stoically. They were grimly, emptily resolved that King Alexander should not banish to the remote, unsanitary village of Brus their brother, that great Croatian statesman Svetozar Pribitchevitch "One of the Founders of Jugoslavia" (TIME, June 22).

Svetozar Pribitchevitch had started the family hunger strike, was hunger-striking manfully himself last week in the Belgrade Hospital. Svetozar Pribitchevitch was not sick but has been locked up in Belgrade Hospital for months, the Government not daring to throw him into Belgrade jail. As Pribitchevitches grew weaker last week the Government seemed to grow more relentless, suppressed all news of the hunger strike, seemed content to let Svetozar Pribitchevitch die. Then suddenly King Alexander relented.

"Svetozar Pribitchevitch is not fit to be banished," read the Government communiqué. "He must remain in hospital"—incidentally one of the cleanest, most comfortable places in Belgrade.

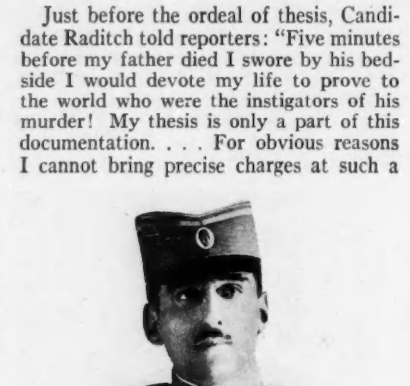
"Svetozar will eat—now we can all eat!" was the joyous, famished cry of the other Pribitchevitches. In Belgrade Hospital dauntless old Svetozar Pribitchevitch was propped up in bed by sympathetic nurses. They fed him mush from a bowl. They wiped the old man's chin. When he was discreetly full, they tucked Svetozar Pribitchevitch cozily in for a nap.

Raditch on Raditch

Greater than that great Croatian statesman Svetozar Pribitchevitch (see above) was memorable Stefan Raditch. When drunk this tubby Croat caroused like a wild walrus. When sober and not occupied with affairs of state he kept a bookstore in Zagreb. Drunk or sober Stefan Raditch could set the voters of Croatia on fire as no one else could. As leader of the Opposition he was foully shot down in the Jugoslavian Parliament by a Government Deputy (TIME, July 2, 1928). In Paris last week Croat Raditch's son, Vladimir Raditch, won his academic degree at the school of Higher Social Studies by presenting a thesis which might well have been called *How My Father Was Murdered.* The actual title was *June 20, 1928 and the International Press.*

Gratefully Candidate Raditch said that although the press of Jugoslavia was gagged at the time of Statesman Raditch's murder and has been gagged with respect to it ever since, the World press told the story fully, fairly. To hear her son present his thesis Widow Raditch came in her trailing weeds. Three professors sat in solemn presidence, one from the University of Besancon and two from the Sorbonne, their chairman being Professor Charles Seignobos, noted historian.

Just before the ordeal of thesis, Candidate Raditch told reporters: "Five minutes before my father died I swore by his bedside I would devote my life to prove to the world who were the instigators of his murder! My thesis is only a part of this documentation. . . . For obvious reasons I cannot bring precise charges at such a



THE KING OF JUGOSLAVIA
Did he closet the assassin?

time as this and on such an occasion, but I am prepared to put this question: Is it true that the day before the shooting of my father by Punica Ratchitch, the assassin was closeted two hours with King Alexander of Jugoslavia?

"Punica Ratchitch," continued Candidate Raditch passionately, "was sentenced to imprisonment for 15 years, yet he is to be seen frequently riding about Belgrade in an automobile in the evening! My father and my cousin were murdered. My mother, my brother, my brother-in-law and myself are living in exile. Another brother-in-law died mysteriously in a military prison. Now you may understand why my thesis is entitled 'June 20, 1928.'"

The assemblage came to order. Widow Raditch on the front row raised proud eyes to Candidate Raditch who advanced with his 450-page thesis, read a summary which came straight to the point:

"On June 20, 1928," he said, "a Serb Deputy, Punica Ratchitch, while the Chamber was sitting, drew a revolver from his pocket and fired five shots at the Croat Deputies. My cousin, Paul Raditch, convinced that the Serb wanted to kill my father, threw himself upon him but fell dead, shot in the head. My father rose, with his old friend Grandzsa by his side. Punica Ratchitch continued to fire and my father fell, together with Grandzsa and another Croat named Peruar. Taken to a hospital my father died a few weeks later, both from his wounds and from poison administered at the behest of the same men who instigated the massacre by Punica Ratchitch."

Chided Professor Seignobos, "Now, now! This alleged poisoning is beyond the scope of your thesis. Candidates for degrees must remain within the limits set by themselves."

Soon, all three professors began questioning Candidate Raditch. (They had of course already read his 450 pages.) Sternly at last Professor Seignobos spoke: "In your very interesting thesis, M. Raditch, you have forgotten one very important point, and that is that in the Balkans political murders are looked upon as current means to political ends. Balkan opinion regarding such murders differs entirely from American or European opinion. Nevertheless, the commission unanimously accepts your thesis and awards you your degree."

Flushed with success, Vladimir Raditch rushed to his mother, kissed her twice, smack, smack.

Not since the greatest number of people who had ever looked upon the same corpse marched for five days in sub-zero weather past the bier of LENIN in Moscow had there been such a funeral as Raditch's. Result of his death: Croatian opposition to the rule of King Alexander has markedly decreased.

RUSSIA

Caterpillars, Sirens, Valuta

Among cities Vladivostok is "The Last Place On Earth." Recently to this extreme terminus of Russian railways, to this jumping off place for Kamchatka (if one must jump off—see p. 32) came breezy Henry Wales, of the Chicago *Tribune.* He reported:

"Vladivostok is much like San Francisco, physically, built on and around a dozen steep hills, but there are only two lines of street cars and no taxis in town. Most of the lugging is done with Chinese carriers, who have a sort of chair arrangement they pack on their back, and I'll bet they could carry pianos and billiard tables if they had any here.

"If some one dies, you call in a Chinaman, put the deceased in a box, or sack if you haven't a box, and the Chinaman packs the remains neatly on the chair and trots off to the cemetery. I saw several funerals like that.

"The only Americans in Vladivostok are the experts maintained by the Caterpillar Tractor company of Peoria. . . .

Valuta. "Vladivostok has a population of close to 200,000 half of whom are Chinese, and the city presents a dreadful spectacle with its swarms of ragged, famishing men—Mongols and Slavs both.

"In the free port in the harbor, conveyor belts are sending thousands of sacks of wheat, grain from last year's bumper harvest, into the holds of British, Japanese, French, and Italian ships, from

Foreign News—(Continued)

the huge elevators of the Soviet grain trust. Half a mile away men are falling unconscious on the streets from lack of nourishment.

"The best restaurant in Vladivostok, operated by Japanese for the Government, is on a valuta* basis. Rubles are not accepted in payment, only dollars, yen, sterling and marks.

Dizzy Sirens. "Sailors don't have much fun in this port, because there are no dance halls and no saloons or any places of amusement, and they can't take girls into the seaman's home.

"The girls wait down by the free port for the sailors to go uptown for shore leave, and they beg cigarets, sugar, meat, bread, shoes, anything except money, from the lads they snare. They don't want rubles. They are no good to them since they can't buy anything with them, and they don't dare fool around with valuta, as the G. P. U. is very suspicious over any Russian possessing foreign money.

"These girls are certainly the dizziest looking sirens one could imagine. In rags and tatters, holes in their coarse cotton stockings, torn, heeless shoes, their dresses ripped and burst, dirty—they can't get soap to wash their faces and hands—and no cosmetics to make up. About as much sex appeal as a busted down tractor, but somehow they grab off the sailor lads.

Efficient G. P. U. "Every morning there is a bazaar down by the bay, with

THE SHAH OF SHAHS

Bargains impressed him.

hundreds of Chinese selling a few radishes or a handful of onions or macaroni or rice, and peasant women with geese or chickens, butter, eggs, milk. The whole town jams into the square for the bazaar, and pickpockets do a rushing business. I saw the G. P. U. arrest 15 pickpockets in less than an hour.

"Nine dollars a woman asked for a little pullet weighing about two pounds. Milk was $1 a litre, eggs were $4.50 for ten eggs, butter was $8 a pound.

*Soviet term for non-Soviet money.

Six-Month Tractors. "Complaints are beginning to come in from every hand that the poor quality of gasoline, benzine, and kerosene, shipped here by the Naphtha trust from Baku and Grozny is ruining all the motors, besides wasting untold working hours in the long period it takes to start the engines every morning. It begets terrible waste, too, as tractor drivers never shut off the motor, remembering the backache of starting it again, and leave it turning over for hours while they are busy doing something else.

"Bad fuel, coupled with careless handling, is cutting down the average life of a tractor from eight to ten years, which they enjoy in America, to about six months here, I was told."

PERSIA

Monarch & Boss

Not long ago Reza Pahlevi, the King of Kings, the Shah of Shahs, self-made Monarch & Boss of Persia, looked upon neighboring Russia's Five Year plan and found much of it good. What most strongly impressed His Majesty was the titanic bargaining power in world markets of a nation which, like Soviet Russia, places its entire foreign trade in the hands of a State Monopoly.

Abruptly, Royal Boss Reza created the Persian Foreign Trade Department, gave it monopoly powers. Last week in Stockholm a swarthy Representative of the P. F. T. D. let important contracts to eleven Swedish firms, among them Swedish General Electric, Atlas Diesel (engines), Nydquist & Holm (locomotives) and the Gota Shipyards. Persia's blanket purchase totaled $2,680,000, represents chiefly structural steel, rails and other equipment for modernizing Persia's transport system.

INDIA

Profound Alarm

With all the physical prestige of a man six and a half feet tall, with all the authority of a peer who has just relinquished the great office of Viceroy of India, Baron Irwin told the leaders of the British Conservative Party in London last week that "the prestige of the white man in India has been lost and probably cannot be recovered."

For this profoundly alarming state of affairs His Lordship cited "three causes": first the winning by an Eastern people of the Russo-Japanese war; second the sending of black troops against white in the World War; and third the influence on the Indian mind of motion pictures, "particularly with reference to the appearance and activities of white women upon the screen": i. e. an Indian instinctively scorns a man who does not show mastery of his wife, something seldom shown in movies.

. . .

Still green and ever sprouting at some new ceremony in his honor is the gratitude of Japanese to the now venerable hero of their successful, epochal war with Russia. There is a Japanese *Who's Who 1931* and in it ASIA'S HERO is listed thus:

Togo, Heihachiro, Count (created '07), Admiral of Fleet, Member of Board of Marshals & Fleet Admirals, Order of Merit (Br.), 1st Class Golden Kite and Grand Order of Chrysanthemum; born 1847, a son of petty retainer of the Lord of Kagoshima. He commenced sailor's career at 16 and at 21 first came under fire, in fighting with the late Enomoto's Kwaiten;

Underwood & Underwood

ASIA'S HERO

Address: Tokyo

studied in England, '71–73; in the Japan-China War commanded the cruiser Naniwa and sank the Chinese transport Kowsing, a British steamer flying the British flag (see p. 39); Rear-Admiral after the War; Vice-Admiral in '90; Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Fleet in the '04–'05 War and hero of the Japan Sea battle fought on 27th May, '05; Full Admiral, '04; Chief of Naval Staff, '05; Supreme War Councillor, '09; Admiral of Fleet in '12. Attended King George's Coronation on the suite of Prince Higashi-Fushimi; was at a time Lord Tutor to the Crown Prince (Emperor Taisho). Address: Koj. Kamirokuban-cho, Tokyo.

Gandhi's If

With the light of cut glass chandeliers gleaming on his venerable emaciated stomach, St. Gandhi attended a formal banquet in Bombay last week, drank a little goat's milk, spoke for two hours before an audience in faultless evening dress. Same day he wrote an editorial for his weekly, *Young India:*

"If I were appointed dictator for one hour for all India, the first thing I would do would be to close without compensation all liquor shops, destroy all toddy palms from which liquor is locally extracted, compel factory owners to produce humane conditions for workmen, and open refreshment and recreation rooms where workmen could get innocent drinks and equally innocent amusement.

"Exceptions would be made for Europeans and diseased persons for whom a supply of liquor is medicinally necessary."

CINEMA

Cinemas Unleashed

Somewhat mysteriously—for France seldom makes so great a concession without some *quid pro quo*—the Government of Premier Pierre Laval suddenly abolished last week the film quota system which has been strangling U. S. cinema business in France for years (TIME, May 14, 1928).

Not only will 100% U. S. films be freely admitted to France, but U. S. films made in France in German dialog will be officially designated "French films," will enter Germany under especially favorable terms if a pending Franco-German film accord is finally ratified.

France has been the spearhead of Europe's anti-U. S. quota system for cinemas. With France yielding to U. S. film interests, a hopeful trend looms.

The New Pictures

Annabelle's Affairs (Fox), taken from a play by Clare Kummer which Arthur Hopkins produced in Manhattan 14 years ago, will have an immoral influence, since it shows extravagance rewarded and makes insobriety seem an Arcadian adventure. Nonetheless, it is hilariously funny comedy of a sort rarely seen in cinema. It tells a story in which the chief characters are a scatter-brained girl (Jeannette MacDonald), her husband, who is a rowdy millionaire from Wyoming (Victor McLaglen), another millionaire who remains intoxicated (Roland Young), and the second millionaire's butler. The two millionaires are engaged in a wholly ridiculous struggle for 50 shares of valuable stock. The fact that the story makes no sense at all adds immeasurably to its gaiety since all the characters seem well aware of this and at all times obey, with nonchalant enthusiasm, the most unlikely impulses. Funniest of them all is the second millionaire at whose elaborate country estate the story, such as it is, develops.

A depraved but sunny personality, Roland Young orders his butler to get a captain for his yacht, says: "Get one who can dance the horn-pipe." Sly, peremptory and puzzled he makes love to his cook in a squeaky voice, smashes his possessions so constantly that when he falls into a stupor his servants put some chinaware beside him for him to break when he wakes up. Indignant at the captain, the drunkard orders four servants to throw him out, and mounts a chair, clapping his hands & popeyed with excitement, to see them do it. When he learns that his cook is the captain's wife, he becomes sad and has a drink.

. . .

European papers have been buzzing for weeks, still buzz, with the preposterous story that Crown Princess Maria José of Italy shot Jeannette MacDonald on the Riviera last winter, blinding her in one eye. Gullible European editors did not (U. S. editors promptly did) wire to Hollywood and discover that Miss MacDonald was at that precise moment cinemacting undamaged.

The story still goes on and on, despite the facts which are:

Near Bruges, Belgium an automobile with two occupants ran into a tree last August. The man and the woman were taken, badly injured, to a hospital which refused to tell reporters who they were.

JEANNETTE MACDONALD
She undresses well.

The Italian Ambassador called at the hospital, went away mum. Recently all Belgium had been hearing stories (TIME, March 16) of how Belgian Princess Maria José had quarreled in Rome with her bridegroom, Crown Prince Umberto of Italy. Press-guessing began.

Soon "the mysterious man and woman" were "a certain Italian prince and an American movie actress, we are reliably informed." Next, it was certain that the man was Crown Prince Umberto. Actually he was a grey-haired Italian banker, Signor Nardi Beltrami. The woman soon became Cinemactress Jeannette MacDonald—actually she was the banker's mistress, one Signorina Lodigiani. When banker & mistress recovered sufficiently to slip away to parts unknown, journalistic rumor ran riot, especially in France. The story now was, is, that Jeannette MacDonald was injured not in an auto accident but by Crown Princess Maria José. In French papers the ideal set for such jealous pistol work is a hotel bedroom on the glamorous Riviera.

In Hollywood no name of scandal attaches to able Actress MacDonald whose chief talent, up to the release of her present brilliant picture, has seemed to be an aptitude for undressing before the camera quickly and almost completely with becoming grace and without embarrassment. Miss MacDonald is believed to be happy in an intention to marry her public relations counsel, ardent Mr. Robert Ritchie.

The Prodigal (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) concerns a well-to-do hobo, who returns to his Southland home, falls in love with his brother's blonde wife (Esther Ralston), gallantly offers to take to the road again to avoid amorous complications. As a hobo, he has two amusing companions—a haphazard patrician hobo (Roland Young) and a lazy, guitar-playing hobo (Cliff Edwards). His experiences in tramp jungles, on freight trains, are gay but not extraordinary. Present at a fox-hunt in which the hounds become confused, are passed by horses and huntsmen, he captures the fox with a fish net, later lets him go. This story, by Bess Meredyth and Wells Root, is interesting enough but it might have seemed uninspired except for the fact that the prodigal is Metropolitan Opera Singer Lawrence Tibbett, who last week when telephoning his wife in Beverly Hills, Calif. from Manhattan, held the wire for 20 minutes while his small son was saved from drowning (TIME, June 29). Lawrence Tibbett sings several times in *The Prodigal*.

Federal Council *v.* Hays

When, in 1922, Will H. Hays was made president of a representative organization which called itself Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc., the religious bodies which had previously been alarmed by the pernicious moral influences exerted by the cinema industry were vastly relieved. To them, it seemed that the scabrous ideals of the ignorant money grubbers who were producing moving pictures could be effectively counteracted by the efforts of an able, high-minded Presbyterian elder and ex-Postmaster General.

In June 1929, the Episcopal liberal weekly *The Churchman* published an attack on Tsar Hays, called him a "window-dresser," suggested that he was an "office-boy" rather than "tsar." Most pertinently, *The Churchman* made the assertion which has since been the focal point of attacks on Cinema Tsar Hays: that in effect, he acted as a smoke-screen.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America brought pressure to bear upon *The Churchman* to discontinue its attacks on Tsar Hays. Nonetheless, *The Churchman* continued and was presently aided by other religious publications. Most notable was the influential *Christian Century* which published a series of five articles by Dr. Fred Eastman of Chicago Theological Seminary, roundly flaying Cinema Tsar Hays. Stirred to imagine that where there was much Hays, there might really be a smoke-screen, Bishop Francis John McConnell announced that the Federal Council's research department would study the activities & effects of Tsar Hays' Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc.

Then Dr. Charles Stedman MacFarland resigned from the Federal Council, after admitting that he had been paid by Tsar Hays to lecture on and recommend cinemas. Similar cases followed. Mrs. Jeannette Emmerich, hard working Federal Council-woman, resigned, admitting that she too had been on the Hays payroll. Meanwhile, *The Churchman* asserted that Tsar Hays had no influence on cinema producers, pointed out that "block booking" of a producer's products by exhibitors made it impossible for exhibitors to obey

anyone's wishes in selecting the pictures shown at their theatres. Tsar Hays threatened to sue *The Churchman* for libel, but did not sue.

Last week the Federal Council *v.* Hays controversy was brought into the open when the Federal Council published, in 151 pages, at 50¢ a copy, its report on the activities of Tsar Hays and his Motion Picture Producers & Distributors, Inc. Tsar Hays simultaneously published his reply to the council's report in the form of a letter to Bishop McConnell. Just before the publication of both reports, the most painful evidence of the divergence

PABLO PICASSO 1903

. . . drew what he saw.

between the Federal Council and the Hays organization was provided when Carl Elias Milliken, onetime Republican (1917–21) Governor of Maine, resigned from the administrative committee of the Federal Council. Impressive, 53-year-old Baptist Milliken, onetime president of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, has been secretary of the Hays organization since 1926.

Less sensational than Secretary Milliken's resignation had lead observers to expect it might be, the Federal Council report: 1) lauded the Hays intentions; 2) stated that Hays methods of furthering them had been ethically vague (in hiring Council members) as well as ineffective; 3) suggested that, if Tsar Hays did function as a smoke-screen, it was partly because the public had been lead to expect too much of him. Tsar Hays replied by 1) offering to help distribute the Council's report if its price discouraged circulation; 2) citing the vague ethics of clergymen who accepted pay for "exposing the movies"; 3) pointing out that an organization as large as the cinema offered "a problem in self-regulation large enough to challenge the co-operation of every social, religious and educational agency."

Observers felt that the Council's report at least served the purpose of calling attention to the fact that the cinema is now more influential and definitely more immoral than when Tsar Hays became President of the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc.

A R T

30 Years of Picasso

The Fourth of July is celebrated discreetly in London with a banquet by the Pilgrim Society, a few wreaths on Trafalgar Square's statue of George Washington, and flags in front of the American Express. The date is seldom significant to the British art world. Tardy British art lovers this year remembered July 4, hurried to the Lefevre Galleries of King Street to attend the last day of the season's most important exhibition since the Persian show in Burlington House (TIME, Jan. 12). It was the largest showing of the paintings of Pablo Ruiz Picasso ever held. Dealers were there in respectful silence; for Picasso, who used to sell his sketches to Père Soulier, prizefighter, for 20 francs apiece, is today one of the richest, most successful of modern painters. Last summer he spurned $30,000 from the Copenhagen Museum for a single canvas.

Stocky, tousle-haired Pablo Ruiz Picasso looks like an extremely able Spanish mechanic, will be 50 years old on Oct. 23. He was born in Malaga in Andalusia,* the son of an Italian mother, a Spanish drawing-teacher father. From his earliest childhood it was understood that he was to be an artist. He lived successively in Barcelona, Madrid, finally Paris—always drawing. Paris became his spiritual as well as his physical home. Today it is as unfair to consider him simply a Spanish artist as it is to consider George Bernard Shaw an Irish dramatist.

Gifted with extraordinary technical ability, Pablo Picasso is a painter who has found drawing too easy. He can imitate anyone, which is perhaps the reason why he has become the most obscure, the most scientific of modern artists. In 1900, when he first settled in Paris, he painted gypsies, vagabonds and melancholy children in the manner of Toulouse-Lautrec and Daumier. Always changing his style, he developed what art critics like to call his Blue Period, his Rose Period, his Neo-Classic Period, etc., etc. He became more and more abstract, more and more removed from humanity. Picasso was one of the founders of Cubism. He is the well-spring of that latest artistic unintelligibility, Surrealism, which has been defined as "the expression of thought without the control of reason, that is, the painting of dreams and states of mind by any means whatsoever." Cubism, in other words, was still objective painting; it attempted to suggest the appearance of things. Surrealism is subjective painting, attempts to depict an irrational emotional reaction—which, almost by definition, can make no sense to anyone except the emoter.

No painter has been as wildly praised, as furiously attacked. Mrs. Chester Dale, famed collector, writes of Picasso: "Like a god, he destroys Nature itself when the impulse seizes him and recreates it in a new and more wonderful form which he has discovered." Hearstwriter Brisbane of the New York *Evening Journal*, stung to rage by a Picasso abstraction, reproduced it last fortnight, added, "You feel ashamed for the human race when you realize that stuff as this [*sic*] is actually shown and bought by people supposed to be sane."

Cautious museum curators who pay enormous prices for Picasso abstractions recognize the dexterity of his line, his

PABLO PICASSO 1926*

. . . tried to draw what he thought.

ability as a maker of patterns, realize that anyone who has exerted such an enormous influence on the art of today is deserving of honor.

In London last week were Picassos of all complexions: the cubist pastiches, the early acrobats, the later big footed nudes.

Many pictures were sold, for prices that made post Depression bond salesmen sigh with envy, but to the surprise of British reporters, the highest prices were paid not for the early Daumieresque Picassos, not for the clean lined drawings and portraits, but for the Picasso abstractions. Editors widely hinted that if one must pay £1000 for a Picasso, there was no fun in buying one that *anyone* could understand. Picasso himself who hates the teas, *conversaziones* and routs of the art world (with the exception of those given by his good friend Abstract Poet Gertrude Stein) was not present. He remained in his neat comfortable studio in the *Rue de la Boétie*, among his astronomical charts, his African masks, and his collection of old guitars. The guitars are frequently recognizable in the otherwise indescribable confusions of his abstractions.

*Seven weeks ago Malagan hotheads burned the churches because of Cardinal Segura's pastoral letter, last week rioted (see p. 17).

*The technique in 1926 was to use regular and distorted flat surfaces—triangles, squares, polygons, circles, ellipses, etc. Lately he has been presenting ideas of stationary bulk, by means of regular and distorted prisms, cones, cubes, spheres, etc. Most recently he has been giving the impression of movement to his idealistic bulks by bashing the surfaces of his pictured solids, and overlapping the forms. By comparison with this latest technique, his 1926 picture is easy to grasp.

SCIENCE

Meat-Eating Cow

Dairymen on the Didsbury Jersey farms at Didsbury, Alberta, last week argued that it was a meat diet which caused one of their cows, Waikiki Xenia's Fanny, to produce almost pure cream.

Cows of course are herbivorous animals. Their teeth, stomachs, and entire physiology are organized to get nutrition from grasses. As an experiment the dairymen mixed ground meat in Fanny's meals. After her calf was born (she is two years old), she yielded the unusually rich milk. The meat may be the cause; or Fanny may be an unusual builder of butterfat. At any rate, her milk churns into butter without the customary preliminary separation of cream.

Englished Light

A billiard or pool player or a bowler better than most people can get an understanding of an important physical observation, reported last week by Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman, great Indian physicist. Sir Chandrasekhara was scientifically succinct in his announcement. Very few details reached Europe or the Americas. But, according to what he has done in the past and according to the corroborative work of other students, this, simply, is what he said.

Light is a stream of particles, which may be called quanta or photons. Each particle twirls as it moves away from its source.

The twirling of light particles is a new realization in physics. What makes the fact quickly acceptable to other physicists is that Sir Chandrasekhara says he has proved it true. Although he learned all his science in India and has done all his scientific work there, Occidental scientists know his results well. Light has not been his sole research. He has worked out a mechanical theory of bowed strings and violin tone, and a theory of musical instruments. Seven years ago he made a brief visit to California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, rendezvous of Nobel Prize winners. Word from his Chair of Physics at Calcutta University is scientific dogma. Last autumn he received a Nobel Prize (TIME, Nov. 24).

A game of pool or billiards or bowling-in-the-alley provides a simple illustration of what this great Indian and his colleagues are saying in the exact phrases of science. Pool is somewhat the best of the three illustrations.

On the pool table lie 15 round balls. They are closely packed into an equal-sided triangle, five balls to a side. The pack of balls represents any form of matter you please—a crystal of iron, a tumbler of water, a flask of gas. The balls are atoms or molecules. They are all wobbling very, very fast, and in every direction. You cannot tell which ball is where at any instant. But you, pretending to be a mathematical physicist like Professor Einstein or Professor Raman, can calculate the average place of the average ball at any instant. That is almost as satisfactory as to know where each is all the time. And that is what scientists mean when they say that nothing is, which seems to be. The thing they look at becomes something new while they look at it.

A few years ago Professor Arthur Holly Compton of the University of Chicago aimed some x-rays at a crystal, that is, a conglomerate of pool balls. If the x-rays were waves, as had been the general conception, the waves would have wriggled

Acme-P. & A.

SIR CHANDRASEKHARA VENKATA RAMAN

He figured the photon's twirl.

between the atoms without displacing them and without being changed by them. It would have been as though a bucket of water had been swished across the pool table baize.

But, in Professor Compton's experiments, the x-rays bounced off the collection of atoms which were the crystal. They rebounded in a peculiar way. The more glancing their blow at the crystal, the longer the x-rays became. That indicated that x-rays were pellets moving with stupendous rapidity. They were like a swift flow of cue balls glancing off the triangle of balls. For his experiments Professor Compton won a 1927 Nobel Prize.

Professor Raman demonstrated exactly the same phenomena with liquids and light rays. In liquids molecules are more mobile than in solids. They dance more actively and through a wider range than in a solid. In a solid they waltz, in a liquid foxtrot. Light rays and x-rays are closely akin. Both are electromagnetic phenomena.* Showing, in a way that other physicists could duplicate his work, that light behaves like a stream of particles won Professor Raman his belated Nobel Prize.

In both Professor Raman's and Professor Compton's experiments the quanta of x-ray and the quanta of light, that is, the cue balls of this homely pool illustration, were calculated as darting straight ahead with no movement except forward. What if the particles of radiation were twirling on their own axes as they dashed forward? What if they were not perfect, perfectly balanced spheres? That is, what if they were tumbling onward? What if they swelled and shrank, if they pulsated? What if they zigzagged?

Professor Raman tried to find out by studying the effect of light rays on gases. In gases the molecules of the gaseous matter are comparatively far apart, and they dash with a mad helter-skelter. Nonetheless light taps them, and caroms off. And that is where Professor Raman made his find. He measured the average strength with which each molecule (pool ball) was whirling. He measured the amount of his light's (cue ball's) bounce. And he came to the conclusion that each quanta of light was twirling. In technical language each particle had angular momentum. That means, in the parlance of the pool game, that each pellet of light was englished. And just as the pool player knows just where to jab his cue ball, and with just how much strength, in order to place a ball just where he wants it, Professor Raman could figure the reverse. By knowing where his balls were moving, their spinning energy, the carom of the light, he could calculate how much force the light had before it struck.

The practical value of this discovery lies in the fertile future. It may someday explain why the sun turns a tomato red, a face tan; why an ape is not a man.

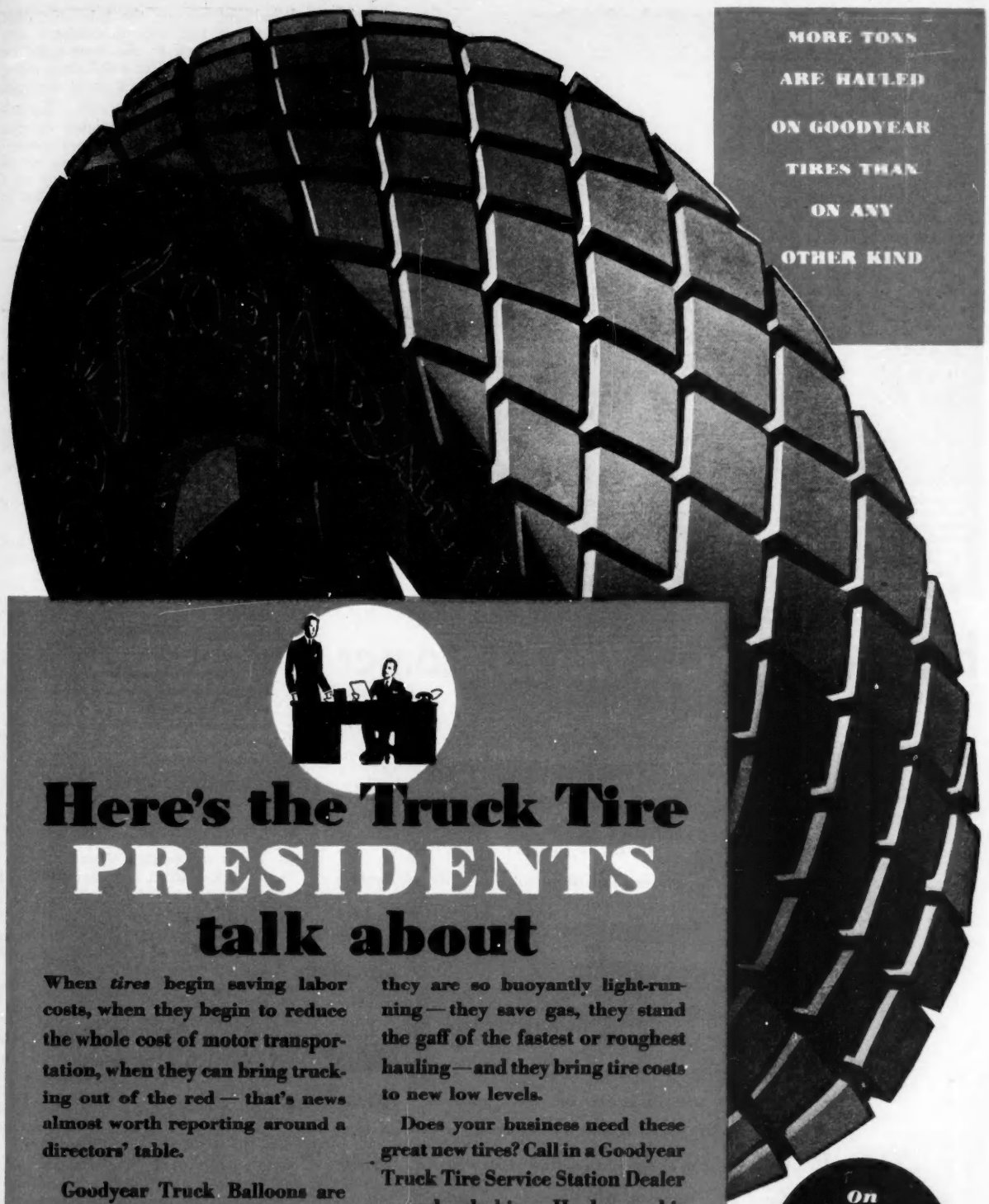
In all this a moral was painted last week for lazy young boys. Professor Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman was only 16 when he earned his Bachelor of Arts degree, and his Master of Arts degree when only 19. Now he is but 42, with half a lifetime ahead of him for more accomplishments.

Squirting Fogs Away

This is how age (67), distance (Boston) and position (professor of meteorology) brought Alexander George McAdie of Harvard to describe a foggy day in Manhattan in *Scientific Monthly*, published last week.

"Swinging up Fifth Avenue with stately steps and slow, the customary St. Patrick's Day parade had just reached the reviewing stand. Then it was that *Skiron* [northwest wind] turned *Sassenach*. Like the Assyrian of old he came down on the fold. In a jiffy he knocked off hats from every head. A thousand silk toppers of assorted vintages went tossing on the breeze. They were borne skyward but not on the wings of song. Coat tails, hitherto sedate enough, designed to cover substantial parts of the human anatomy, became possessed of seven devils. With hilarious impudence they flapped in places where they were not wanted. Badges were torn from the imposing fronts of the city fathers; and stern-faced color guards, strong to face the wind, realized that whichever way they turned they had better have turned some other way. Nor did the ruffian Skiron spare the skirts of sisters and sweethearts. Graceful draperies sprang into life as parachutes, revealing much not usually disclosed to the eye of man. But the fog was conquered."

*The known electromagnetic spectrum: cosmic rays (shortest, most penetrating), gamma rays, x-rays, soft x-rays, ultraviolet light, visible light (violet, blue, green, yellow, orange-red, dark-red), infrared, heat, short electric waves, radio waves (longest).



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Her Majesty . . the Customer

Like Sir Walter Raleigh, modern captains of industry find that it pays to watch Her Majesty's step. His velvet cloak paved the way to royal favor. Today, Veltone floors win the good-will of that absolute monarch of modern business—the customer.

The illustration above shows how it is done by the men who sell General Electric Refrigerators. The striking floor is one of the new Veltone effects in Sealex Linoleum—embellished with special designed-to-order insets, including the G. E. trade-mark in the foreground. Floors like this make merchandise look its best—quickly pay for themselves in increased sales. We all know that people with money to spend prefer to spend it in prosperous-looking surroundings.

Interested? Then write our Business Floors Department. Get the facts about Bonded Floors service—Sealex materials backed by a Guaranty Bond.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. • • KEARNY, N. J.

SEALEX
LINOLEUM FLOORS

Wind and sun are the only efficacious dispellers of fog. But to dissipate thin shallow fogs such as rise over a harbor the warm morning after a still, clear night, Professor McAdie suggests that fireboats squirt their streams at the mist. "Electrified spray from these mighty nozzles would not only wash a channel through the fog, but cause the fog droplets to coalesce and agglomerate and drop as a drizzling rain. The squirting would not be very expensive."

MEDICINE

Queer Drugs

Druggists frequently get requests, occasionally by a doctor's prescription, for such queer, almost forgotten but nonetheless authentic remedies as:

Skunk or beaver secretions, for amenorrhea.

Crab claws or oyster shells, powdered, to clean teeth.

Cuttlefish bones and crabstones, for acid stomachs.

Neat's-foot oil from the unhoofed foot of an ox, or turtle oil from turtle eggs or fat, to cure scurvy.

Musk tincture, a heart remedy.

Ox gall, to overcome constipation or cure snake bites.

Bear grease, for salves.

Spanish flies, an aphrodisiac.

Oil of egg yolks, to treat sore eyes.

News of another strange medicament last week came from White Plains, N. Y. For ten years John M. Hill, warden of the Westchester County Jail at White Plains, kept a white-feathered Japanese silky rooster, a long-tailed fowl with a bluish skin, rare in the U. S. (current value $100). The rooster's name was Murphy. He disliked women, would peck at their legs, would win poultry show prizes.

Last week Warden Hill gave Murphy a bath. Instead of letting the bird dry slowly in the sun, the man decided to try a new method and save time by shaking him first. Explained the warden: "I took him out of the sun and shook him and the water came off in a sprinkle. I shook him some more, rather violently. Then I laid him down in the sunshine on a high window ledge to dry. I think the shaking must have made him dizzy, because he rolled off the ledge and broke his neck!"

Murphy died, was buried, his grave marked with a stone. Warden Hill gloomed. For 1) John Davison Rockefeller had given him the rooster, and 2) eggs from Murphy's family of five Japanese hens brought Warden Hill $5 apiece from poultry fanciers. But there were other buyers of those eggs, at whose stealthy purpose the White Plains prison keeper occasionally hinted, as though he were the purveyor of a witch's stew. With Murphy dead, the master revealed his secret commerce. The revelation raised a great guffaw among those who had any sound knowledge of medicine. For, according to Warden Hill, those sly buyers broke up the eggs, put the yolk & whites in small capsules, and prescribed the encapsulated eggs as an aid to maternity.

SIGNATURES of SUCCESS

SUCCESS is not accidental. It is the result of individual effort . . . the reward of determination, ability and *training* to master the job at hand, to accept new opportunities as they present themselves. Throughout the world, thousands of business leaders in many fields of endeavor have secured vital and practical knowledge from International Correspondence Schools Courses. The signatures of a few appear below. This spare-time study has been of inestimable value in heading their careers towards success. *The business leaders of today are the I. C. S. students of yesterday.* Write for our free book, "The Business of Building Men."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMBER, NATIONAL
HOME STUDY COUNCIL

PRESS

Anthony's Adlessness

An admixture of good buffoonery, high audacity, bad temper and bad taste appeared on newsstands this week in the form of Editor Norman Anthony's *Ballyhoo*, ballyhooed as the funny magazine devoid of advertising (TIME, May 11). Much of the content was devoted to burlesques of familiar advertising campaigns. Therein lay most of its humor, most of its audacity, some of its bad taste. Examples:

1) A picture of an infant's bare backside, with the text: KEEP KISSABLE . . . WITH OLD COLDS. "Open up a pack of Old Colds. . . . Smell the tobacco. . . . You can't because there isn't any tobacco in it. . . ."

2) A picture of an ungainly witch swaddled in an 1890 bathing suit, an arrow pointing to the knee. Legends: Consider your Knee Cap!!! Don't Rasp Your Wife's Throat With Harsh Irritants. "Reach for a Hatchet Instead" . . . Ducky Wucky Cigarettes. "They're Hash Browned," Purified by Hot Air and Advertising Rays.

Because he believed it would impress the reader, Publisher George T. Delacort Jr. had printed on *Ballyhoo's* cover: "Edited by Norman Anthony, former editor of *Life* and *Judge*." Thus did Editor Anthony trade upon the very reputation he was bitterly attacking. He was discharged by *Life*, is suing for alleged breach of contract.

The Anthony temper was most bitterly expressed in a page headed "We Nominate for Oblivion—," an imitation of the feature created some months ago by *Vanity Fair*. Nominated for oblivion by *Ballyhoo* are *Vanity Fair* because its Oblivion department is "unsportsmanlike"; *Life*, because "it cannot make up its mind whether to imitate *Judge* or the *New Yorker*."

More original than the burlesque of advertisements (which is by now a well-worn trick known to every undergraduate funny magazine in the U. S.) was Editor Anthony's policy on "text." Wrote he: "Magazines always have nice pretty text running around their pictures because it looks nice, and because the advertisers insist upon plenty of nice pretty text, but nobody reads the nice pretty text anyway. . . ."

Ballyhoo's page of "editorials" is composed entirely of the repeated word "Blah," written thus line after line: "Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah." Throughout the book only one joke appears, over and over again: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That was no lady. That was my wife."

No Sale

When the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia convened one day last week to decide what should become of the Washington *Post* (TIME, June 22) Hearst's Editor Arthur Brisbane was in the courtroom. So was Editrix Eleanor Patterson of Hearst's Washington *Herald*, and many a potent Hearst attorney. Guessers guessed that Publisher Hearst's offer of $3,000,000 for the *Post*, with his own *Herald* and *Times* as security, might be taken up in preference to a somewhat similar offer by David Lawrence, publisher of the *United States Daily*, who also sat in the courtroom. Hearst would, no doubt, merge the *Post* with his *Herald*.

But what about the expected bid of Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, estranged wife of the *Post's* Publisher Edward Beale ("Ned") McLean? Fortnight ago she had halted the proposed sale to Lawrence on the ground that the newspaper should be preserved for her three children. The other trustees of old John R. McLean's estate were, meanwhile, itching to complete a profitable sale of the unprofitable daily.

As the final hearing opened last week, one of the trustees began speaking in favor of the Hearst offer. He had not gone far when a lawyer for Ned McLean interrupted, told the court that Ned had changed his mind. He did not want to sell the *Post* after all. The other trustees expostulated, asserted that if money continued "to be poured into the *Post*, the estate of John R. McLean will become a mere myth." But by terms of his father's will, Ned's lone veto was sufficient. The sale was off.

Explained Ned to newsmen afterward: "I wanted to protect the children. I did not want to let go of the paper. It did not occur to me until two days ago that a sale of the *Post* would throw about 300 men out of work."

• *Travel Through Moscow Into The HEART of ASIA!*

FIRST TOUR TO OLD

TURKESTAN

A special de luxe rail caravan will leave Leningrad on August 25th, taking travelers for the first time into the little-known regions of old Turkestan! The route will penetrate strange lands and fabled cities —Alma Ata, Tashkent, "City of Beauty", golden Samarkand, old Bokhara. Stops at Moscow, Baku and Kiev in European U. S. S. R. are also included in the 8000 mile itinerary which will occupy 40 days. Comfortable, modern accommodations reserved during the entire trip.

• *Write at once for illustrated booklet "Q" and other descriptive literature on this unique Tour to Old Turkestan!*

INTOURIST *U.S.A. Representative of the* STATE TRAVEL BUREAU of the U. S. S. R.

452 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

MUSIC

G-G Band

Official opener of New York City's summer outdoor concert season is that dapper, 53-year-old white-headed boy among U. S. bandmasters, Edwin Franko Goldman. Every summer his concerts take place during a ten-week season on alternate nights at Central Park Mall and New York University. New York likes to come and loll on the grass, wheel its babby-carriage up & down, drink its pop as Bandmaster Goldman plays from a large, catholic repertory: chorales and fugues of Johann Sebastian Bach, waltzes of Waldteufel, operatic gems and band transcriptions of modern works like Claude Achille Debussy's *La Cathédrale Engloutie* and Ottorino Respighi's *Pines of Rome*. Elsewhere throughout the city the band is also to be heard: its programs are sent by wire and amplifier to all Manhattan's public parks.

Underwood & Underwood

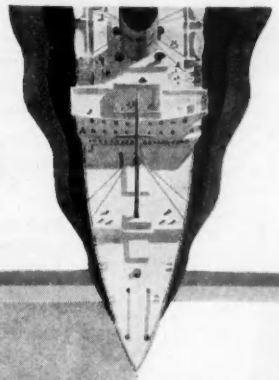
CENTRAL PARK'S GOLDMAN

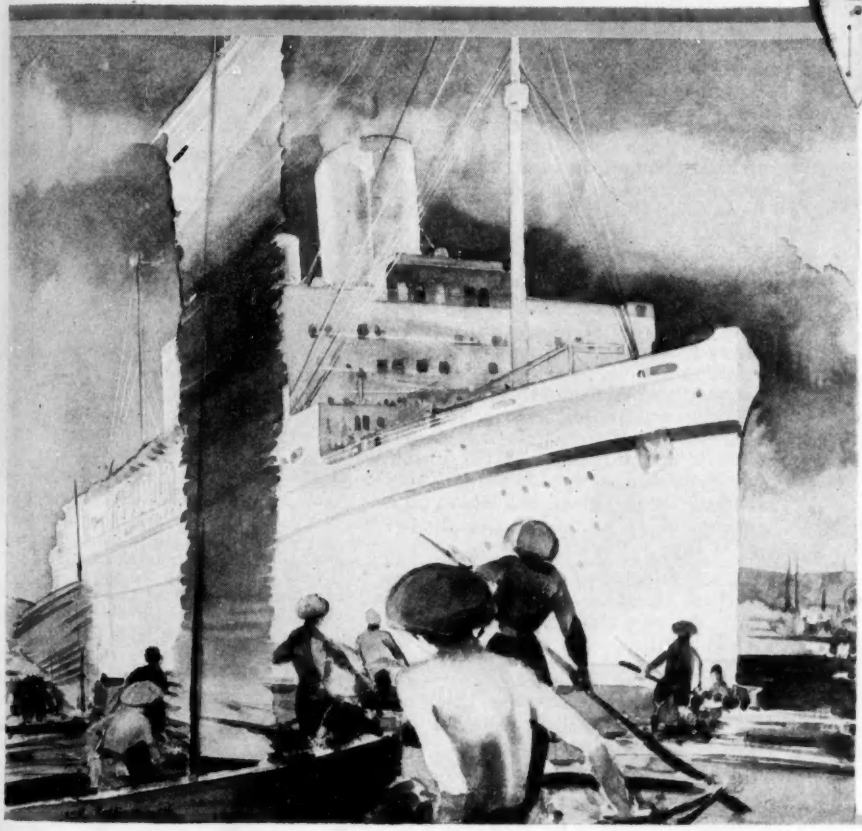
Sunken cathedrals, pines, fugues.

Month ago the 14th season of free concerts began, called for the first time the Daniel Guggenheim Memorial Concerts in honor of the mining tycoon, who with his brother Murry sponsored them during his lifetime and after his death last September (TIME, Oct. 6) left provision for their perpetuation. A first night audience of 18,000 stood, heads bared, as the band played Frédéric François Chopin's *Funeral March* in Daniel Guggenheim's memory.

Thus endowed and with future summers assured, Bandmaster Goldman announced last week a new, ambitious project: to endow his band as a year-round organization, with its own clubhouse, rehearsal halls and classrooms. A huge chorus would be formed. Young artists could get auditions, musicians find permanent employment. Offering all the advantages of a musical club, this Goldman Band Association of America will campaign, as did Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre, for 100,000 persons who will pay into its fund a modest $1 per year.

A ROYAL PROGRESS





THE CRUISE TRIUMPHANT

to . . .

MADEIRA
GIBRALTAR
ALGIERS
MONTE CARLO
NAPLES
ATHENS
BETHLEHEM
CAIRO
BOMBAY
COLOMBO
BATAVIA
SINGAPORE
BANGKOK
MANILA
HONG KONG
SHANGHAI
PEIPING
KOBE
YOKOHAMA
TOKYO
HONOLULU

and 60 other world high-spots

● NO USUAL world cruise this . . . but the royal progress of 1931's new royal ship from port to port. A perpetual gala of gaieties, receptions, welcomes. To arrive in port aboard the Empress of Britain will be to receive the accolade of the travel world. For, the Empress of Britain is the first liner of such great tonnage to make a world cruise. An opportunity for round-the-world passengers to see the East *en fête,* on a cruise-ship that sets a new pace in the luxury of cruise-travel. ● ROYAL LIVING, too, aboard the Empress. Apartments, not cabins . . . 70% with private bath . . . all served in the manner of the smart world. Five-room royal suites like palace apartments . . . two-room apartments in same scale . . . 27-foot single apartments. Sun, air, controllable heat and ventilation, all the little electric gadgets, smart town-house furnishings. All apartments arranged for gracious entertaining, and complete own-home privacy. Ship to shore telephones. ● ROYAL SPORT aboard, too. Whole Sports Deck, with full-size tennis court . . . squash-racquets court, racing swimming pool, poolside and courtside gallery cafés . . . a layout like a smart country club. Whole Lounge Deck of magnificent amusement rooms like a good metropolitan club . . . ballroom, stage, screen, lounge-bar. Smart dance orchestra. Fares begin at $2,000; apartments with bath at new low rates. From New York December 3. See the deck plans. Study the itinerary. Your own agent, or Canadian Pacific, offices in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, 23 other cities in United States and Canada.

Empress of Britain
WORLD CRUISE

CANADIAN PACIFIC . . . WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

FRANCONIA
WORLD CRUISE

Faraway, glamorous places have stirred your imagination! Bali, still in its primitive civilization... Macassar, flaming like a ruby on the jungle's edge . . . Bangkok's barbaric splendour... Saigon! The Franconia includes them without extra cost . . . also such unique highspots as Athens and the Holy Land . . . and all the other highlights of a World voyage.

140 days . . . 33 ports. *Greatly reduced rates* . . . $1750 up. A perfect, proven cruise ship . . . built for world cruising . . . ensuring direct docking arrangements at the majority of the ports. Eastward from New York Jan. 9 next.

Literature from your Local Agent or

CUNARD LINE
25 Broadway, New York

THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York

PEOPLE

"Names make news." Last week the following names made the following news:

At Rouen, three weeks ago, a girl named **Juliette Brebant** played the part of St. Joan of Arc in the 500th anniversary celebration of the Maid's martyrdom. Climax of the proceedings came when pious Mlle Brebant was bound to a stake and had Roman candles and Chinese fire set off about her feet. In a high state of religious ecstasy, she fainted. Last week in a Paris hospital she was still delirious. Doctors despaired of her life.

An anonymous donor gave $50,000, commissioned a sculptor to erect a statue of **Pierre Samuel du Pont,** rich charitarian in Wilmington, Del., his home town. When Charitarian du Pont learned of the project, he requested the sculptor to return his photographs, said that he was "unalterably opposed."

Scientist **Albert Einstein** wrote a letter from Potsdam, Germany, to Governor **James Rolph** of California appealing for an "absolute pardon" for **Thomas J. Mooney** and **Warren H. Billings,** questionably convicted of bombing the 1916 San Francisco Preparedness Day parade. Pleaded Scientist Einstein: "I, myself, am of the decided opinion which I must express, for I cannot lie, that a miscarriage of justice undoubtedly appears in the present case."

White-haired, 49-year-old, onetime Operactress **Geraldine Farrar** sang for the first time over the radio (NBC network for Packard).

Newly perched last week on the desk of His Majesty **King George** sat the 2,000,000th telephone installed in Great Britain. The U. S. has 20,154,000.

"He left New York with his little command by steamer for Panama City and crossed the Isthmus, a flat country barren of people, on horse to Colon, where they again took steamer for San Francisco." When Panamaian editors read that paragraph from an article on the late General Philip Henry Sheridan written for the *Saturday Evening Post* by **Joseph Hergesheimer** — they invited Author Hergesheimer to visit Panama, learn something about its geography.*

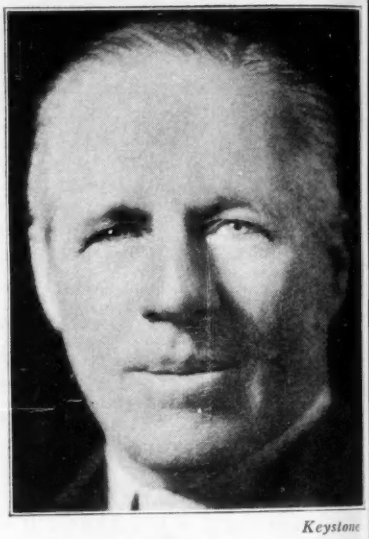
Recently **Mark Gosling,** member of the legislative assembly of New South Wales, prominent Australian radical Socialist, began a crusade to form "Socialist cells" in Australian universities. Came news last week that Mr. Gosling has been repulsed from campus after campus with derisive shouts of **"Bovril! Bovril!"**

In Australian slang "Bovril!", according to despatches describing Mark Gosling's misfortunes last week, is equivalent to "Applesauce!"

Throughout the Empire and elsewhere "Bovril puts *beef* into you!"

*Colon is on the Atlantic side, Panama City on the Pacific. What confused Author Hergesheimer is the fact that the Isthmus twists to the extent of almost doubling back on itself, hence the sun appears to rise in the Pacific, set in the Atlantic.

The peer who puts beef into bovril, a beef extract on which the sun never sets, is **George Lawson Johnston Luke,** Chairman of Bovril Ltd. Bovril profits put him into the peerage as **Baron Luke of Pavenham** in 1929. At about the time of his creation he was Hon. Secretary of



Keystone

LORD LUKE
His beef is applesauce?

the Thank Offering for the King's Recovery: i. e. loyal British subjects contributed money to this charitable fund as tangible proof that they really were glad that the King-Emperor's doctors had saved him.

Exclusive Designs
WOODS AND IRONS
BTN
BEST IN GOLF
BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO...SPRINGDALE, CONN.
Pacific Coast Dist. Curley-Bates Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle..Leading Pros and shops sell the BTN Line

THE ULTIMATE CHOICE
NEW OCEAN HOUSE
15 MILES FROM BOSTON
SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS
De luxe accommodations.. private beach ... booklet

CURIOUS BOOKS
The largest publishers of PRIVATELY PRINTED literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of limited and unexpurgated editions on CURIOSA and ESOTERICA.
PANURGE PUBLICATIONS, 100 Fifth Ave., New York

Belle Livingstone, aged, notorious and bankrupt Manhattan saloonkeeper, was about to depart for Reno in an expensive car with chauffeur and maid. To her hotel at 4 a. m. came a dressmaker demanding $162 for four recently purchased dresses. Belle Livingstone, who served 30 days in jail for contempt five months ago (TIME, Feb. 16), said that she had nothing smaller than a $1,000 bill, asked the dressmaker to follow her to a speakeasy to get change. They went to several speakeasies, got no change. Then Belle Livingstone told the dressmaker to follow her to a ferry station. When the dressmaker got to the ferry station Belle Livingstone had left, so she took her troubles to a police station. Belle Livingstone was arrested for grand larceny in Rochester; a policeman sent to return her. Pending is a suit for $500,000 by Belle Livingstone against Condé Nast Publications, Inc., publishers of *Vanity Fair*, which nominated her for oblivion (see p. 26).

RELIGION

Congregational Christian Church

Biggest projected mergers among Protestants are those of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, debated last year but as yet far from actuality. Also projected is the union of the five most important Presbyterian and Reformed groups, but this received a setback last month when the Dutch Reformed and Southern Presbyterian Churches announced they would hear no more of it.

Last week a merger was, almost miraculously, realized. In Seattle the Congregational and Christian Churches met in joint convention, consummated a long-planned union. Representing 6,670 congregations and 3,000,000 church constituents, the new church will be called "Congregational and Christian." It will have two moderators. Rev. Dr. Carl Safford Patton, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, was elected by the Congregationalists to succeed Rev. Dr. Fred B. Smith. Dr. Samuel Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn, syndicated advice-giver, was nominated but had his name withdrawn. Christian President, too ill to attend the Convention, is Dr. Frank George Coffin of Columbus, Ohio. Observers believed he would be re-elected. After 1935 the new Church will have but one moderator.

"We base our union upon the acceptance of Christianity as primarily a way of life and not upon uniformity of theological opinion or any uniform practice of ordinances," says the preamble of the new constitution, which recognizes "wide room" for differences in Biblical interpretation.

Calling their union the largest ever to take place between denominations entirely distinct in origin and history,* churchmen hoped its consummation would move other denominations to merge, perhaps later to join with them.

*The first known Congregational Church was founded in England in 1580–81 by Robert Browne; the Christian Church in 1793 by James O'Kelly of North Carolina.

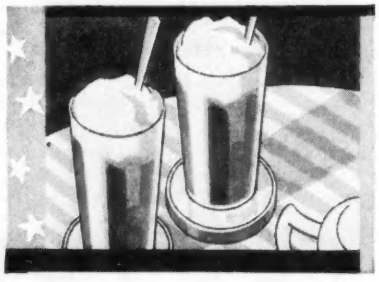
mm! iced coffee! drink it— and sleep! » »

SULTRY evenings when the thermometer is flirting with the 90's, nothing is quite so refreshing as a tall, tinkling glass of iced coffee.

"Wonderful," you may say, "but coffee keeps me awake." You're wrong. It's not coffee but the caffein in coffee that keeps you awake. And you can have coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee—as rich in flavor as any blend you ever tasted. You can enjoy Sanka Coffee—at midnight, if you wish,—without being kept awake!

full of coffee's old-time goodness »

Drink Sanka Coffee and you'll find all the full, rich flavor—all the tempting fragrance—that makes coffee "the beloved beverage." And why not? Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. You make it as you've always made coffee. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer—in quality or in flavor. Sanka Coffee has been approved by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum cans that preserve its freshness. Complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day.



make the night-test! » » » »

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret! © 1931, S. C. CORP.

SANKA COFFEE

drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

The same girl, but *different* GLASSES

How much better she looks in the large picture wearing Ful-vue than in the small picture, wearing old-style glasses. Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you the new patented Ful-vue frame.

Everyone notices how FUL-VUE, *the new style, reveals your eyes*

HERE are two pictures of the same girl. But in one she wears old-fashioned glasses. In the other, she wears new, modern Ful-vue frames.

What a difference in her appearance! In Ful-vue the temples are placed high up where they belong. They run in straight streamlines from the top of the lenses to the ears. Eyes are revealed clearly.

You will like this new, modern style, too, because the shape of the lenses follows the shape of the eyes and brows. The design and engraving of the bridge are new and smart.

Ful-vue models for men and for women are made in a new precious metal, pink gold, which blends with the complexion. Look for the name FUL-VUE in tiny letters under the bridge.

Beautifully illustrated booklet free

Send the coupon, and we will mail you a new free booklet which shows how this new frame makes you look so much better. It also contains important facts about Tillyer Lenses—facts every wearer of glasses will be glad to know.

FUL-VUE

FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY

© 1931, A. O. CO.

American Optical Co., Dept. T3, Southbridge, Mass. Please send free Ful-vue booklet.

Name ..... Address .....

City ..... State .....

The name of the man who fits my glasses is .....

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

EDUCATION

Simple Arithmetic

"Most astounding intelligence!" to President J. Edward De Lancey of the Irvington (N. J.) Board of Education was the news that the 116 candidates for teaching positions in Irvington schools had all failed in an eligibility examination last month. Irvington needed 20 teachers. Robert Lee Saunders, superintendent of schools, sent notices to normal schools throughout the East. Came 114 young ladies, two young men, all properly qualified graduates, to take a five-hour test in spelling, punctuation and diction, grammar and composition, and arithmetic. All failed in the requirement: to pass all four sections with a grade of 75%. Only two made a general average of more than 75%. All agreed that the examination was "pretty stiff." Particularly stiff was the arithmetic section which all flunked with an average grade of 31.5%. The ten questions:

1) A bin 10 ft. long, 5 ft. wide and 3 ft. 7 in. deep—how many bushels of wheat will it contain, allowing 2,150 cubic in. to the bushel?

2) How many days of 9 hr. each must 28 men work to earn $1,209.60 on a wage of 20¢ per hr. per person?

3) A wholesale importer imports 12 boxes of broadcloth, each containing 12½ bolts of 31¼ yards a bolt at $2-5/6 a yard. What is the value of the cloth?

4) A speculator bought a lot of hardware for 19/16 of its value and sold it for 1½/12 of its value, thereby losing $32.50. How much did he pay for it?

5) What decimal part of 2 bushels, 3 pecks and 4 quarts is 1 bushel, 3 pecks, 1 quart and 1 pint?

6) A sale of city property realized $5,347.40 to the owner after paying $65.20 charges and the agent's commission of 3%. What was the commission?

7) A dealer sold goods at 25, 16 and 5% off, and the discount amounted to $722.20. Find the cost.

8) Which is better and how much per annum—to invest $28,800 in 10% bonds at 150, or 8% bonds at 128?

9) If 36 men in 28 days of 8 hr. each can build a wall 680 ft. long, 12 ft. high and 3.5 in. thick, how long will be a wall that is to be 2.5 ft. thick, 10 ft. high, that 24 men can build in 15 days of 10 hr. each?

10) A speculator sold two houses at the same price each, gaining 15% on one, losing 8% on the other. If he gains $110 on the transaction, what must be the cost of each house?*

Members of the Irvington Board of Education and Dr. Charles H. Elliott, State Commissioner of Education, grew speedily angry when they heard of the examination results. They demanded an explanation. They said that Superintendent Saunders, a native Pennsylvanian, had cooked up a hard examination in order to discriminate against New Jersey normal school graduates. Something was wrong, evidently, if not one person in 116 could

*Answers:
1) 144 bushels.
2) 24 days.
3) $11,250 (if the figure is taken to mean the price for 5/6 of a yd. If it means $2-5/6 per yd., the answer is $13,281.25).
4) $142.50.
5) .625.
6) $167.40.
7) $1,076.55.
8) The 10% bonds are better by $120.
9) 42.5 ft. (All the applicants missed this one.)
10) $2,200 and $2,750.

pass an examination to be a teacher.

Last week Superintendent Saunders replied to his critics. He had not made out the examination: it had been prepared by a board of teachers and proctors. "I am fond of New Jersey," he said. "I am for this State first." But he believed that the normal schools put too much emphasis on teaching methods and modern psychology, not enough on "fundamentals." Many an observer, glancing at the questions, agreed that all might easily be solved by any clear-thinking secondary school pupil who knew his fundamentals. But the teachers' committee of the Irvington Board of Education felt that the efficiency of New Jersey normal schools was called in question. Meeting last week, it voted unanimously to put the matter before the State Department of Education.

Books

Books cheap and dear, in leather, in paper, in boards, beautiful books and ugly ones, books to keep or to throw away are loaded daily in increasing lots upon a great U. S. public. Guardians of these truckloads of print are the nation's librarians. Some think their duty is to furnish useful knowledge to all. But is it? Have they not already ruined the high aristocracy of thought in vulgarizing education? Should not a large part of the people—the simple, kindly folk—be left in ignorance so that they may carry on the world's most valued work? "Too much reading, even educational, may be stupefying and enslaving as the treadmill rounds of brute labor." Let the librarians concern themselves with the few, to bring together the right book and the right reader. Let them deal only in the good, the first rate, and leave the "canned goods of literature" to the drugstores and chain libraries who give the public what it wants.

Librarians observe and report readers' tastes. Boys and girls read *Lorna Doone;* but the girls skip all the fighting, the boys all the love-making. Some enter their 'teens hand in hand with Louisa May Alcott, leave them arm in arm with G. B. Shaw. A librarian may fix his attention on special cases: prisons, for example. Girls in correctional institutions do not read so much as boys. They are "ignorant and sophisticated, pathetically childish, wary, scornful and suspicious." They should be given stories written for adults of meagre intelligence, especially those of girls who rise above unfortunate surroundings. Some penologists stuff education into prisoners, like meat into a sausage. But knowledge is a power that can be used for evil as well as good.

Literature is therapeutic. First physician to prescribe reading for his patients was hearty Dr. François Rabelais (*Gargantua, Pantagruel*) in about 1530. Now bibliotherapy is being studied carefully. Improbable novels should be given tuberculous patients, so that they will not excite themselves by attempting to emulate what they read. Feverish or resting patients should not read at all.

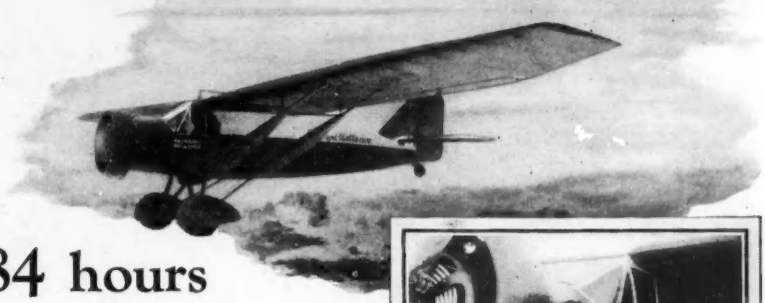
. . .

So last week, in New Haven, Conn. ran the discussions in the annual conference of the American Library Association.

WORLD'S

Endurance RECORD

ONCE MORE WON BY BELLANCA



84 hours 33 minutes

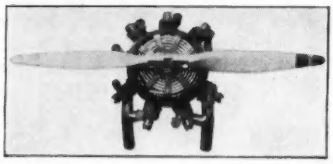
WALTER LEES and Frederic Brossy established a new endurance record (without refueling), 84 hours and 33 minutes, from May 25th to 28th, at Jacksonville, Florida, in a Bellanca Pacemaker powered with the Packard-Diesel 225 h.p. Engine.

Internationally this is regarded as the most important airplane record—the only record that provides an indisputable standard of load-carrying capacity. Beyond all challenge it proves the reliability of both plane and power plant.

The enormous load taken off by the Bellanca monoplane was 6,715 pounds gross weight. The actual useful load at the start was 4,365 pounds. This included the two pilots, supplies, and 531 gallons (almost 17 barrels) of fuel and motor oil—equivalent to the weight of not less than 25 people. Had the flight been made in a straight line at normal cruising speed and fuel consumption, it would have covered a non-stop distance of 6,580 miles, or approximately the distance from Florida to Japan!

Walter Lees and Frederic Brossy, Packard Pilots, with their Packard-Bellanca

These stupendous facts proclaim the supremacy of Bellanca aircraft and the almost magical development of the Diesel type engine by Packard. It is significant that the Packard-Diesel Engine gave its greatest demonstration of economy and dependability in a Bellanca plane. For efficiency, safety and lifting capacity, combined with speed, the Bellanca holds its leadership year after year. Among the many reliability and efficiency records surpassed in Bellancas, this is the third time the World's Endurance Record has been captured by planes "built as only Bellanca can build."



The Packard-Diesel Aircraft Engine

MANY INQUIRIES ARE BEING RECEIVED FOR THE PACKARD-DIESEL-BELLANCA COMBINATION FOR LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHTS.

All Bellanca Aircraft Are Manufactured Under Department of Commerce Approved Type Certificates

BELLANCA AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

New Castle, Delaware Chrysler Building, New York

Bellanca Aircraft of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

BELLANCA

AERONAUTICS

Two Men in a Hurry

When, seven years ago, a barnstorming pilot in a rickety biplane landed on the Oklahoma farm of a horny, weatherbeaten dirt-farming couple named Post, their son—a thick fellow whose swarthy skin revealed his Indian blood—proceeded to palm himself off to the pilot as a parachute jumper and wing-walker. The barnstormer was gullible and Wiley Post became a jumper. Jumping did not hold him for long. Soon it was: "I'd give an eye to be able to fly." One day at his work in an oil field, hot metal flew into his face, burned out his left eye. The company paid $2,000 damages. With this Wiley Post bought his first plane.

One noonday last week, this swarthy fellow, who now has a small mustache and a glass eye, found himself alongside the tracks of the Trans-Siberian Railroad at Irkutsk. With him was a huge bullet-shaped white monoplane, named *Winnie Mae of Oklahoma*, and a rangy, thin-lipped young Australian named Harold Gatty, one of the most respected avigators in the U. S.

Besieged by an excited group of Russian officials, the two flyers turned immediately to the business of refuelling the *Winnie Mae* and checking a course across the desolate Yablonoi Mountains to Blagovyeschensk. There was no time to celebrate the fact that they had come just half way around the world from New York (8,050 mi.) in 3 days, 19 hr. True, they were 28 hr. ahead of their "round-the-world-in-ten-days" schedule; true, too, that they had but eight hours sleep since leaving New York. But some of their most arduous traveling lay ahead of them over the unbroken forests of Siberia and the wilderness from Nome to Edmonton, Canada, and then they might need time to spare. . . . In a little more than two hours they were off again, with a wave of the hand, into that part of the East where miles are longest and life is scarcest.

International

WILEY POST & WINNIE MAE
A compatriot got them out of the Blagovyeschensk mud.

Three days, 19 hr. before at Roosevelt Field, Pilot Post had looked out into the darkness from the tonneau of an automobile in which he was chatting with a friend and observed that the rain was slacking. "All right, Harold; let's go," he had said, as he might have suggested "Let's go to the movies." To a small group of drenched spectators, "Somebody want to crank me up?" The light of photographers' flares and the stabbing finger of a revolving beacon picked out the white Lockheed at the head of the runway for a moment. Then a roar from the super-charged *Wasp* motor, a streak down the field, and the *Winnie Mae's* navigating lights were blinking a "good-bye" from the North.

It was not yet noon—less than seven hours later—when the *Winnie Mae* sat down upon the airport at Harbor Grace, N. F., 1,153 mi. up the coast. Three irritating hours later, *Winnie Mae* shot out over the Atlantic, spanked along by a 30-mile breeze.

For the first part of his ocean trip Pilot Post had "little to do." He lounged in his upholstered chair, one hand resting lightly on the stick, his good right eye glued to compass, tachometer, altimeter.

He was where he was because, after an excellent record as testpilot for the Lockheed factory, he got a job as aerial chauffeur for Frank C. Hall, onetime drug clerk who struck a fortune in Oklahoma oil. In this same plane, named for the oilman's daughter Mrs. Winnie Mae Fain, Post won the Los Angeles-Chicago air derby last year. Then Hall financed him for the attempt to break the round-world record of the *Graf Zeppelin*—21 days, 7 hr.

Busier than Pilot Post as the *Winnie Mae* streaked over the water was Harold Gatty. Cramped into a tiny space behind a wall of special fuel tanks he alternately poked his sextant through a port in the roof, scribbled his computations, passed written directions to the pilot, and pumped gasoline up into the wing tanks. Hard work, but nothing compared to the ordeal of last summer when he and Harold Bromley got 1,200 mi. from Japan in an attempt flight to the U. S. and then had to fight their way back to shore with a broken exhaust ring spewing carbon monoxide gas into the cabin. That put him in a hospital for two months. This navigating business had been his *forte* since he entered the Royal Australian Naval College at 13. For many years he was a mariner, then studied aerial navigation under famed Lieut. Commander Philip Van Horn Weems U. S. N., later taught the Weems system, instructed Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh at request of her husband.

But the best of navigators is impotent with neither sky nor horizon to work with, and that was the *Winnie Mae's* situation halfway across the Atlantic. "I don't think we can honestly say we were lost," Post said later, "but we just didn't know where we were" when they found themselves over land next morning. They spotted an airport, landed, asked: "Is this England, Scotland or Wales?"* It was Sealand Air-

Keystone

MOTHER & FATHER POST
. . . made hay while the son shone.

*First one-eyed pilot to fly the Atlantic, Pilot Post was not the first to try. Before him went Francis Coli, lost in 1927 with Charles Nungesser; and Walter G. Hinchliffe, lost with the Hon. Elsie Mackay in 1928. Other famed uniculars: Golfer Tommy Armour, Reporter Floyd Gibbons, Gatecrasher "One-Eye" Connelly, Admiral Lord Nelson, Reformer William E. ("Pussyfoot") Johnson, "Big Bill" Heywood, Fisticuffer Harry Greb.

An aircraft that can check its speed.... stop in the air..

AND DESCEND MORE SLOWLY THAN A PARACHUTE

AUTOGIRO

THE progress of every form of fast transportation has been in proportion to the development of speed *control.*

The railroad train..the automobile were capable of high speed long before that speed was safe.

Neither would have become a universal everyday mode of travel without the development of almost perfect speed control.

Both can check their speeds; both can move slowly; both can come to a quick stop when desired.

The creators of the Autogiro believe that flying, likewise, can become a universally accepted, still faster mode of travel with an aircraft that can check its speed, fly slowly or stop, with control comparable to that of the automobile.

Such control in the Autogiro brings to aircraft operation low speed take-offs; low speed maneuvers in the air; low speed safe descents, even with a motor failure . . . yet high speeds when desired.

We are confident that the Autogiro points toward the possibility that the average person can consider the operation of an aircraft with assurance comparable to that experienced with an automobile.

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff. PRESENT LICENSEES ARE: Buhl Aircraft Company, Detroit, Mich.; Kellett Aircraft Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.; Pitcairn Aircraft, Inc., Willow Grove, Pa.

"Honor for the Autogyro" . . . *(Portion of Editorial—Philadelphia Record of April 7, 1931)* . . . "The Collier Trophy, awarded annually by the National Aeronautic Association for 'the greatest achievement in aviation,' goes to the Pitcairn-de la Cierva Autogyro. This is . . . good news for the air-minded.

"The autogyro designers have attacked problems ignored by builders of the usual-type planes. They have been more interested in slow flight than in speed, in safe flight than in getting extravagant altitude.

"With its rotating 'windmill' above the fuselage, the 'gyro can climb almost vertically, can hover, can descend, with the motor dead, more slowly than a man goes down in a parachute.

"These are SUBSTANTIAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Aviation will take a sounder step forward when it develops craft capable of going at 10 miles per hour than when it makes planes which can do 300.

"It is this end of the problem, controllability and stability rather than speed, which the autogyro has apparently solved. Yet . . . it can do over 100 miles per hour.

"The award is richly deserved. The patience of the Pitcairn-de la Cierva combination in spending years in experimentation before engaging in mass construction is now justly honored."

AUTOGIRO COMPANY OF AMERICA ◂ ◂ ◂ LAND TITLE BUILDING ◂ ◂ ◂ PHILADELPHIA

HOW TO BEAT YOUR WIFE

No LONGER need you swelter because the little woman won't tolerate the good old electric fan amid her lovely furnishings. No siree! You can beat her at her own game. We've designed a modernistic electric fan, utterly different in appearance—an exquisite bit of metalcraft, finished in rich silvery tones to harmonize with today's bright furnishings. At first glance you'll hardly recognize it as a fan—it's that decorative. But when you click the switch! Grand breezes, glorious breezes, cool breezes, pour through its chaste grill with nary a murmur. For within is one of those same silent, sturdy, trouble-free motors for which Robbins & Myers have been world-famous since 1898. All good electric shops carry this handsome new R & M Modernistic Fan. Take one home tonight, and park it, permanently, beside your favorite chair.

If you have a problem in electrical-motored machinery, come to Robbins & Myers. We offer you the facilities of a completely modern plant and the experience of 33 years' precision manufacture in designing, building and applying electric motors, generators, fans and electrical appliances.

Robbins & Myers, Inc.

Springfield, Ohio Brantford, Ontario

1878

1931

FANS, MOTORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

drome near Chester, England, 16 hr. 17 min. from Harbor Grace.

In a little less than two hours the *Winnie Mae* was off for Berlin, landed first at Hanover by mistake. Fatigue was beginning to tell, for Post neglected to refuel there and turned back to Hanover again 15 min. after leaving.

The sun was just setting, the moon just brightening when the monoplane dropped upon busy Templehof Field. The crowds broke, poured across the field with shouted "Hochs" and "Kolossals," swept the now utterly exhausted Post and Gatty to their shoulders. Feebly they tried to sip proffered champagne and immediately begged for ice water. At the airport hotel sympathetic officials finally desisted from their rapid-fire questioning, put food on the flyers' plates and bade them eat. At 11 p. m. they were in bed (Gatty had fallen asleep in the bathtub). At 7:30 they were Moscow bound.

It was mean flying across Poland and into Russia, 1,000 mi. of "hedgehopping" under a creeping low ceiling of fog and rain. But Post & Gatty appeared fresh and vigorous to the Ossoviakhim (Soviet Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense) who greeted them late that afternoon. Someone in the crowd offered Gatty a Russian cigaret, but he was still smoking from a pack bought in New York, "day before yesterday." There was a nine-course dinner at the Grand Hotel, champagne spurned again by the flyers. Two hours rest, then out to the airport soon after midnight. Here the take-off was delayed because Russian mechanics, confusing gallons and litres, had overloaded the plane, and the excess fuel had to be siphoned out. It was 5 a. m. when the *Winnie Mae* roared into the East again. Still clipping off 150 m. p. h. it followed the Trans-Sib over the Ural mountains, landed after eleven hours at Novo Sibirsk. Another respite of eight hours, then on to Irkutsk and the half way mark, 1,050 mi. farther.

Back in Maysville, Okla., Brother Arthur Post ran to and fro between town and farm with news of the *Winnie Mae's* progress, but the pilot's elderly parents were too busy with cutting hay on their 90-acre farm to drop their work. In a general way they were proud of Son Wiley, although "he didn't have our blessing when he started out in this flying business." But the simple fact of his safety meant more to them than the geography of Siberia.

At Blagovyeschensk, 850 mi. beyond Irkutsk, the flyers encountered their first serious trouble when the *Winnie Mae* mired in mud. It was 14 hours before a detachment of soldiers with a U. S.-made tractor pulled the plane out. At Khabarovsk Post and Gatty deliberately sacrificed another 26 hours of their ahead-of-schedule time by giving their plane a minute overhaul, and taking 12 hours' sleep in preparation for the hazardous 2,100 mi. dash to Nome. They took off in the face of doubtful weather over the Gulf of Tartary, the Kamchatka Peninsula and the Bering Sea. This is the season of the 24-hour Arctic day. They reached Alaska without mishap, went on. The *Winnie Mae* stood in good chance of completing her course (via Edmonton and Cleveland) to Roosevelt Field on the tenth day.

Joy Ride

Thirteen hours after the *Winnie Mae* left Harbor Grace (see p. 32) another plane sped in its wake, a white Bellanca with red wings, the name *Liberty* and the crossed flags of Denmark and U. S. on its side. The Danish flag stood for youthful Pilot Holger Hoiriis's native land. *Liberty* is the name of the little town in New York's Catskills where German-born Otto Hillig, 55, owner of the plane, amassed modest wealth as a summer resort photographer. Now these two were going home in style: the big, taciturn, painfully bashful Dane, and the small, voluble, jocose German with his bald head, Punch-like nose, towering collar and baggy trousers.

Once before, in 1929, Photographer Hillig tried to go home in a blaze of glory and bought passage on the *Graf Zeppelin*. But somebody blundered and at the last moment Mr. Hillig found himself left out. He made quite a fuss about it, sought a writ to prevent the *Graf* from sailing without him, finally sued for $100,000. The case was settled out of court, and no announcement made. But Mr. Hillig allowed his friends to believe that he collected $25,000, a sum which he later spent in having the Bellanca built. A different story is told by Pilot Hoiriis: that *he* proposed the flight to Mr. Hillig last autumn, and that Mr. Hillig then undertook to raise the money.

The *Liberty's* first destination was Copenhagen, thence to Mr. Hillig's Steinbrucken. But the weather, none too good during the *Winnie Mae's* crossing, had improved not at all in the next 13 hours. Expanses of fog were relieved only by rain; cloud banks were broken only by a northeast gale. For 17 hours the flyers saw no water. Early in the morning Pilot Hoiriis spiralled the plane down through a rift in the clouds—and there was land! It must be England, dead on the path of Copenhagen. Any moment they expected to sight the English Channel beyond the island. But ahead of them stretched only land—many times more land than comprises the British Isles. Then they wondered if they might be over France. Soon they knew it was Spain. . . .

It was late afternoon when Pilot Hoiriis, barely able to hold the controls after 32 hours in the air, sighted an airport and landed—Krefeld, in Germany near the Holland frontier. He tumbled out of the plane and dozed where he lay while Hillig bustled to a telephone, called Copenhagen and learned of the great crowds that waited to lionize them at the airport. They must fly on! Valiantly Hoiriis pulled himself together and they did fly, but only as far as Bremen. Half-conscious Hoiriis put the plane down, fell asleep without a word and was carried to a hangar.

Next day came their moment of triumph. Some 50,000 persons were at Kastrup Airport, among them Hoiriis's mother, also among them two of Hillig's friends from Liberty, N. Y. Wreaths were hung about their necks, there were parades, medals, a great banquet at the Town Hall. King Christian X made Pilot Hoiriis a Knight of the ancient Order of Danebroge. But if Hoiriis felt half as proud as Otto Hillig, he failed to show it.

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO!

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

THEY CALL IT "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER

● Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

It's a real infection; don't YOU take chances

Nine times out of ten this infection popularly called "Athlete's Foot" comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*, which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

The *tinea trichophyton* is so hardy, in fact, you can't wash it away and socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

But you can douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep on using it*, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 406 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

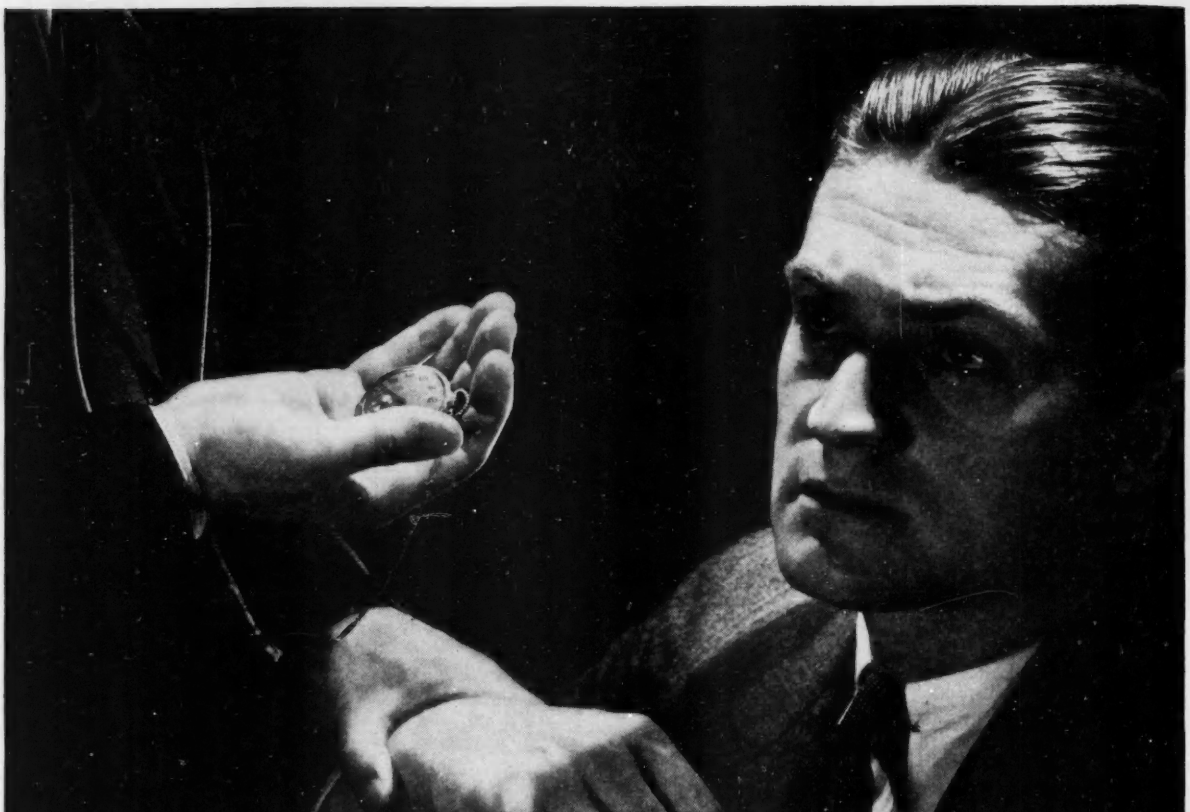
*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

DIAGNOSIS: "Office



The 1930 Report of the Noise Abatement Commission, New York City, says of the effects of noise (on experimental subjects): . . . "there are disturbances by reason of the stress of vibrations in heightened pulse rate, heightened blood pressure, some irregularities in heart rhythm, and, most important of all, in the increase of pressure on the brain itself . . . The undoubted effect of constant noise is disturbance of the blood vessel apparatus and the increase of the degenerative processes in the heart and arteries."

By blotting up superfluous* NOISE—*by controlling* SOUND—*Johns-Manville eases the load on the human machine, contributing to production and profits.

"OFFICE ACOUSTICS" is not listed in the medical dictionaries.

Yet *excessive noise* is a contributing factor in diseases which increasingly menace business men and women. Noise of modern office machines. Noise of modern traffic. Modern, up-to-date NOISE.

It strikes upon delicate membranes, travels along delicate nerves, raps its tattoo on delicate brain cells. We "get used to it" . . . *Yet by laboratory test, a stenographer uses 19% more energy in doing identical work in a moderately noisy office than in a moderately quiet one.*

We "get used to it"—yet men go back to their offices to do work in the quiet of the night which they have been unable to do effectively during the day.

We "get used to it"—yet the degenerative diseases of heart and arteries, to which noise contributes, are an ever-growing menace . . . the despair of physicians.

• • •

JOHNS-MANVILLE pioneered and has carried to highest development "acoustical treatment"—materials which are applied to ceilings, sometimes walls, and which absorb noise as a blotter absorbs ink.

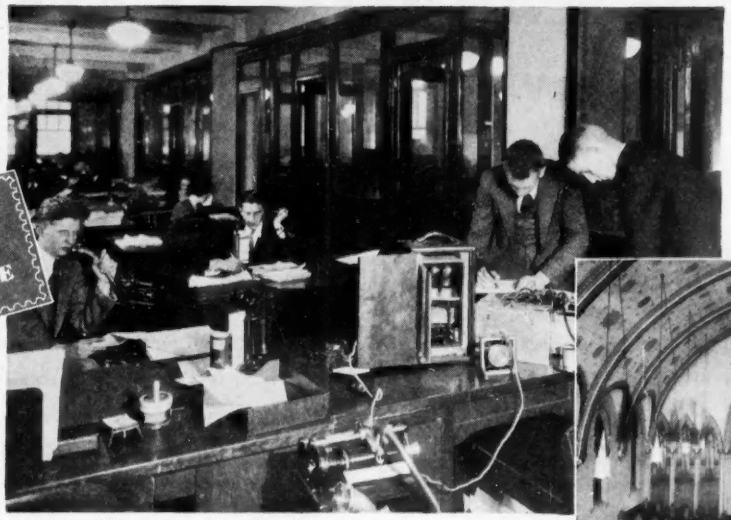
The material used depends on the problem. For instance, J-M Sanacoustic Tile absorbs 82% of sound. J-M Nashkote absorbs 67%. J-M Rockoustile absorbs 62%.

With delicate instruments for measuring the degree of noise, with exact scientific data on corrective treatment, the cure of a noise condition becomes as definite an engineering problem as the design of a bridge. For 18 years Johns-Manville Acoustical Engineers have practiced this science.

In offices, factories, stores, restaurants, hospitals, J-M Acoustical Materials are used to bring noise within limits required for comfort . . . In churches, theatres, schools and other places of assembly, they are used to guide *wanted* sounds to the ears of listeners, and quell reverberation . . . They are applied with a minimum of litter or disturbance.

Far from disfiguring the appearance of an interior, J-M Acoustical Materials become a part of the decorative scheme . . . A survey of your acoustical problem brings no obligation.

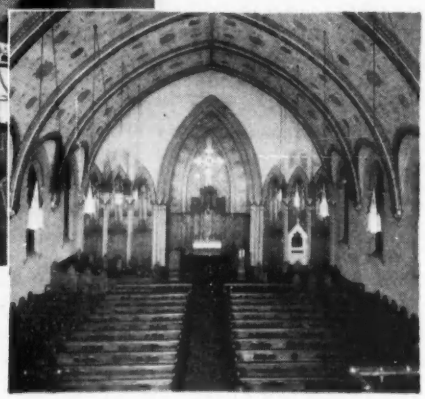
Acoustics," advanced stage



Johns-Manville WARS ON WASTE

Field work with the "acoustimeter" by J-M engineers constantly supplements laboratory research for new, improved methods and materials.

The acoustical treatment (J-M Nashkote) on the ceiling of St. Paul's Memorial Reformed Church, Reading, Pa., corrected acoustical faults which had annoyed worshipers since the church was built in 1873.



Overnight: Errors reduced 24.5% in this department store

THE Rike-Kumler Company, established 1853, Dayton, Ohio, is one of the great department stores of the Middle West. The efficiency of its general office is indicated by the presence of 72 labor-saving machines of 12 types. These, operated within a space of 5000 square feet, set up a nerve-racking tumult.

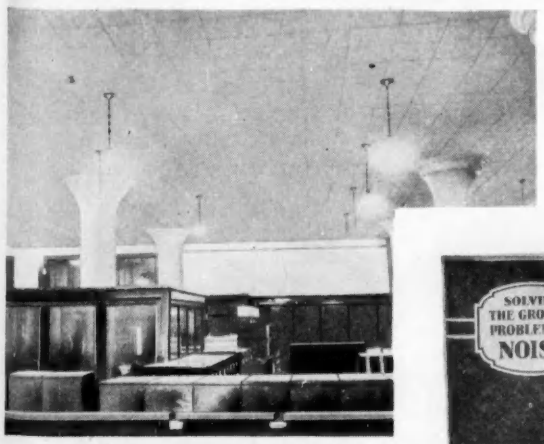
J-M Acoustical Engineers were called in, measured the noise, were commissioned to bring quiet. Working at night to avoid interference with business, they covered the ceiling with the noise-quieting material called J-M Sanacoustic Tile.

Measurements made during the height of the business day, after the job was complete, showed the noise to have been reduced 83%. And, of more tangible importance, the check of errors which this Company faithfully kept, before and after the installation, showed a reduction of 24.5%.

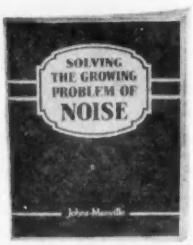
Errors in department store accounting cost money—a little money in making corrections, a great deal of money in lost goodwill. As a consequence, Rike-Kumler executives are delighted not only with the nerve-easing quiet of their general offices, but with the dollars which this quiet represents.

• • •

Wrote C. A. Garties, Secretary and Treasurer, after the completion of the work: "While I have no technical knowledge of the acoustical treatment, I do know that the improvement in our office far exceeded what we had hoped."



"Rike-Kumler executives are delighted not only with the nerve-easing quiet . . . but with the dollars which this quiet represents."



Send for this 32-page book

"SOLVING THE GROWING PROBLEM OF NOISE" describes the effect of noise on human beings—and practical methods of meeting the problem. It is profusely illustrated with interesting examples of work done. Send for it—to Johns-Manville, Madison Avenue and 41st Street, New York City . . . There is no charge.

Johns-Manville

JM PRODUCTS

Controls HEAT, COLD, SOUND

Protects against FIRE AND WEATHER

TRANSPORTING THE ESSENTIALS OF LIFE

YOUR OWN FLEET OF CARS—
YOUR OWN EXPORT TERMINAL—

« « WITHOUT INVESTING A SINGLE PENNY » »

WHEN you use General American facilities you practically acquire your own railroad cars and your own export and storage terminal . . . *without investing a single penny*. In leasing from the General American fleet only as many cars as you need, you eliminate a large investment in cars, maintenance expense, and loss from idleness.

And just as General American provides all kinds of railroad cars, the General American Tank Storage and Terminal Company, Inc., offers complete storage and loading facilities for all bulk liquids. This public terminal fills every function of your own private terminal . . . with no investment, no overhead, and no employees of your own.

The terminal has 50,000,000 gallons total storage capacity and handles any commodity that can flow through a pipe-line. At New Orleans it is strategically located for the accumulation or distribution of cargos.

General American's diversified transportation services include the manufacture and sale of every type of railroad freight car, the leasing to shippers of 50,000 cars (refrigerator, milk, express refrigerator, stock, tank), terminal facilities, and a complete European transportation system. They are today playing a constructive and impelling part in modern transportation.

• • •

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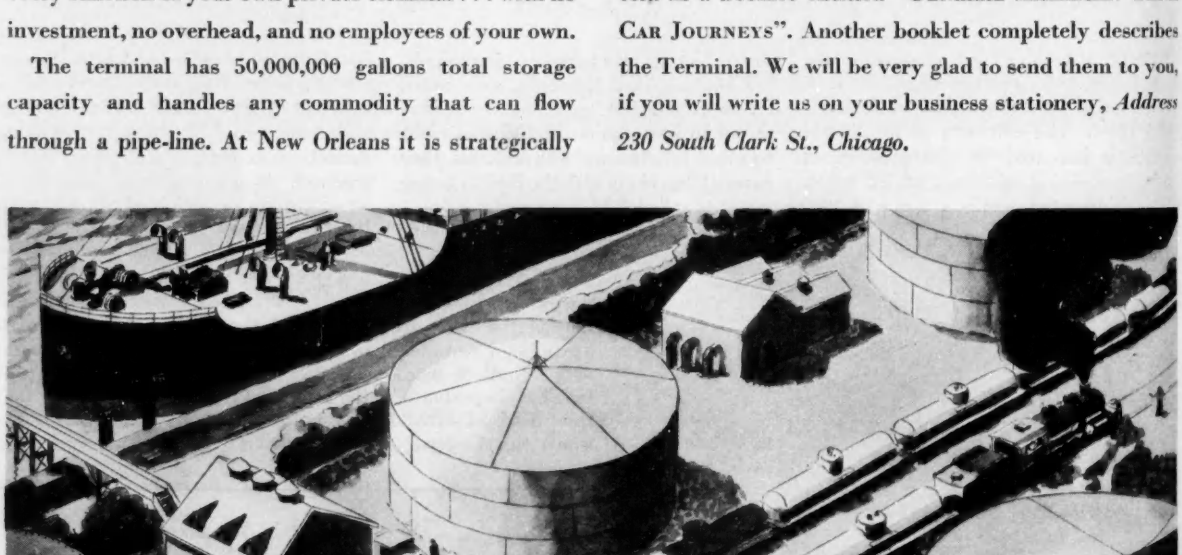

GENERAL AMERICAN TANK CAR CORP.

"A RAILROAD FREIGHT CAR FOR EVERY NEED"

BUSINESS & FINANCE

By Lake Jitsu-Getsu-Tan

The Spanish, 300 years ago, called it Formosa. But to Chinese the long, narrow, tea-green island always was Taiwan. This name was kept as the island's official title after Japan acquired it in 1895 by momentously drubbing old China with her new army. And when in 1919 the island's largest power companies merged the consolidation was called Taiwan Electric Power Co., Ltd.

Taiwan Electric Power now furnishes 95% of the island's electricity, operates eight hydro-electric and six steam power plants. Its gross operating revenues last year came to $4,242,000 against 1929's $4,005,000—about the same as for a U. S. city of 200,000 population, although Formosa's population is 4,000,000. Its property is valued at $29,000,000. One of the biggest shareholders in the company is the Imperial Japanese Government, which owns 36.7% of the stock and is aggressively developing the island's industries. Hence when last week Taiwan sold $22,800,000 worth of bonds each one bore the guaranty of the Japanese Government that interest would be paid, maturity met.

The $22,800,000 will go where Taiwan has already placed $14,000,000—to mountain-nestled Lake Jitsu-Getsu-Tan (Lake of the Moon and the Sun). There a large power plant is being built which will have a maximum capacity of 100,000-k.w. hours. Taiwan's output last year came to 155,000,000-k.w. hours.

The bonds were sold in Manhattan where they formed the first notable foreign financing of almost a year, were considered as forerunners of similar issues. Handling the issue was J. P. Morgan & Co., traditionally bankers for Japan. Because of the impressive guaranty (Japan has an unblemished credit record) and the price (to yield 5.9%) investors gobbled up the issue in one day; it was immediately quoted at a premium.

Although much has been done to industrialize Formosa, it is still predominantly agricultural, exports much rice, sugar, and tea (Oolong type especially). It is also famed for its camphor production, its headhunters. These live in the mountains, have made sorties against their civilized neighbors as recently as last April 1. But now a long electrified wire fence keeps Formosa's honest millions safe from the unruly tribes.

Biggest Bond Machine

When industry was smaller and finance calmer, investors set out to buy bonds only upon their own initiative. But now the handling of a bond issue requires a vast distributive machine. When last week plans were perfected for the biggest bond machine in the world it was fitting that part of its name was that of the ancestor of all bond salesmen.

Norman Wait Harris just 49 years ago formed N. W. Harris & Co. of Chicago. Out of this firm grew Harris, Forbes & Co., premier U. S. municipal bond house. During recent years Harris, Forbes & Co. entered the utility field, became larger, somewhat more speculative and more potent in U. S. finance. Last year it suddenly, unexpectedly, fell into the large lap of Chase National Bank. Since Chase had its own bond machine, Chase Securities Corp., a physical merger of the two was long expected. Last week this was practically accomplished. Chase Securities Corp. will henceforth sell no bonds, merely own stocks of subsidiaries and perform those darkly mysterious duties which accrue to the securities affiliate of a major bank. Its bond-selling machine and that of Harris, Forbes & Co. will function as one great unit, Chase Harris Forbes Corp.

Just as Mother Chase has no less than 151 first and second vice presidents besides four officers higher than vice presidents, so Chase Harris Forbes Corp. presents an array of executives only less

Pirie MacDonald

HARRY M. ADDINSELL

Minor variations become obscure.

imposing numerically. It has an executive committee, a board of directors, a president. It has seven vice presidents dignified by the adjective "executive." Beneath them are 18 ordinary vice presidents. Should these all be effaced by some ghastly disaster seven assistant vice presidents would meet the emergency.

For the most part these officers form a rather uninspired pattern that has two basic motifs. One is negative: the officer must have made uncommonly few mistakes in or outside of his office. The other is an ability to work hard when hard work is demanded. So important are these two qualifications that, viewed as a whole, the officers have an amazing lack of individuality; minor variations become obscure, lost in the black and white crisscross of much work, few errors. There is for example Vice President John S. Linnen, to whom belongs the chief credit for Harris, Forbes & Co.'s justly famed municipal bond department. Banker Linnen is extremely quiet and settled as are his municipals. He lives in the Oranges (N. J.), devotes his Sundays to Church and Sunday School work, his Saturday afternoons to golf at which he plays an excellent game. And then there is Vice Chairman E. Carleton Granbery who was hired by Harris, Forbes & Co. on his statement that at college he did not work too hard, did not learn a great deal, but knew more men in his class than anybody else. Now he has a vast circle of friends in Wall Street, continually adds new ones. He belongs to the University Club as does Executive Vice President Murray Witherbee Dodge, socialite who also belongs to the Links, the Racquet & Tennis, and the Down Town clubs.

From this roster, however, there may be picked at least one individuality which is so different from the rest that the pattern has not obscured it. It is that of Executive Vice President Charles Weir Beall (pronounced "Bell"). Mr. Beall is a talented buyer of securities, especially when they are issued by utilities. He is the author of many learned and shrewd clauses in public utility mortgage indentures. But he is also a showman, a lion-tamer. He is the owner of that conscientious troupe known as *Weir's Performing Elephants*, often to be seen in Manhattan's Hippodrome, Coney Island's Luna Park. He is a bachelor, has a zoo at Rockville Center, L. I. which the public can see for a dime, school children for nothing. Often he dons a canvas suit, enters his menagerie, mingles with his pets. His hands bear many scars from these encounters. He smokes great black cigars, talks sonorously, is the intimate of many a showman as well as many a banker.

In contrast with picturesque Lion-tamer Beall are the less romantic personalities of Chairman Lloyd Waddell Smith and President Harry M. Addinsell. Chairman Smith is tall, silver-haired, able in all fields of finance. He became a partner of Harris, Forbes in 1909 (after being with it ten years), its president in 1921. His pastimes are less exciting than lion-taming, consist of horticulture and history. He is known for his "organization work" in correlating the activities of his firm, also for his ability in writing financial advertising. Now aged 61, he is expected to retire before many years pass.

Another ex-Harris, Forbes man, another "organization man," is President Addinsell, 45. He was born in Brooklyn, went to public high school, then solicited financial advertising for the New York *Times*. After two years he left to work for Harris, Forbes. He studied at night and worked by day, acquired no eccentricities.

Chase Harris Forbes Corp. will have offices in 52 cities and will handle a tremendous volume of wholesale and retail bond business. In addition to Mr. Linnen's big municipal bond department, Harris, Forbes & Co. is banker for Associated Gas & Electric, the American-United Founders groups of companies, and does some of Cities Service's business. It also sells the issues of many utilities including such foreign ones as Westphalia United Electric and (with other bankers) the reorganized Berlin City Electric Co. Mother Chase has her finger in many pies, last year originated $266,000,000 worth of business, participated in syndicates totaling $675,000,000.

Masculine principal of this large financial household is still of course able Banker Albert Henry Wiggin. And much

important fetching and bearing is done by Chase Harris Forbes Corp.'s 300 amiable salesmen.

Deals & Developments

Fair Exchange. When the Government decided that Standard Oil Co. of New York might legally merge with Vacuum Oil Co. (TIME, June 15), it was apparent that the original merger terms would have to be revised. Last week it was decided that the deal will go through with two and one-half shares of Socony considered equal to one of Vacuum, instead of the former 3-1 ratio. Both companies will operate under their former names. The holding company will be christened Socony-Vacuum Corp.

Submarine's Freight to Dollar. Into the fold of the big Dollar Line fleet last week steamed 22 freight vessels. They had just been bought from Transmarine Line for $400,000. Transmarine is a subsidiary of Submarine Boat Corp. which was formed in 1915, made money during the War, made its permanent dive into the sea of losses in 1925. In 1929 Submarine Boat, still submerged in losses, crashed into a receivership. Shippingmen thought it unlikely that the Dollar Line would place Transmarine's vessels back in the well-served inter-coastal route from which they were withdrawn in 1928. At present the Transmarine fleet is anchored at Port Newark, N. J.

Piggly Wiggly. Kroger Grocery & Baking's subsidiary, Piggly Wiggly Corp., last week gave Almar Stores Corp. of Philadelphia the franchise right to open 1,000 Piggly Wiggly stores in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Almar President is Joseph Richard Peters, onetime Piggly Wiggly vice president, onetime director and vice president of Welch Grape Juice Co. Total Piggly Wigglies in operation under franchise will now total 3,700.

Sunny's Cloud. For some years the 25 service stations of Sunny Service Oil Co. have undersold national oil companies in Detroit. Last week Col. Walter Corydon Cole of Union League Club of Michigan accused Sunny Service of buying gasoline from U. S. S. R. at 3½¢ a gallon, "laid down" in Detroit. That is only a fraction more than mere transport charges of gasoline from Texas to Detroit.

Otis Resignations. In 1899 Charles Augustus Otis founded the banking house of Otis & Co. Sixteen years later he made young Cyrus Stephen Eaton a partner. Last week Charles Augustus Otis resigned from the firm bearing his name as did Partner Mervin Clark Harvey. Both will go to E. A. Pierce & Co., buyer of the brokerage business of Otis & Co. Other influential Otis & Co. partners who have resigned include Joseph Oriel Eaton (no relation to Cyrus), Richard Inglis, Ferdinand Eberstadt. Cyrus Eaton remained, comparatively alone.

Banking & Power. Marine Midland Corp. last week acquired its 17th bank, also two important new directors. The bank was First & Second National Bank & Trust Co. of Oswego, with $5,700,000 in deposits. The directors were Niagara Hudson's Floyd Leslie Carlisle and Henry Edmund Machold, vice president of F. L. Carlisle & Co., both of whom had been directors of the Oswego bank. Their election strengthens the community of interest between the $784,000,000 Niagara Hudson power system and the $586,000,000 banking group.

Markets

Always the noisiest of exchanges is the Paris Bourse whose old building (1808) is a copy of the Temple of Vespasian at Rome. Conveniently, the Bourse does not open until noon, closes at 3. But last week its short sessions were noisier than ever as *agents de change* fought to buy and employes screamed out the prices at which deals were made. Favorite stocks on the Bourse include Banque de France; L'Air Liquide; Coty; Société Anonyme André Citroën; Ford, Société Anonyme Française; Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez; Union Minière du Haut Katanga.

After hours the 4,000 top-hatted brokers of the London Stock Exchange filled Throgmorton Street well into the evening to continue dealings. New British Woolworth shares were a favorite, and such prominent London groups as the rubbers, home-rails, breweries and artificial silks were all higher. Internationals (mostly Americans) were strong. So were old favorites like Bats (British-American Tobacco), Imps (Imperial Tobacco), the Tinto (Rio Tinto), and the Johnnies (Johannesburg mining shares).

In Berlin the first modern (1859) building built of stone instead of brick was the Börse, or Exchange of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce. Last week such big issues as A. E. G. (German "General Electric"), I. G. Farbenindustrie (Dye Trust), Vereinigte Stahlwerke (United Steel Works) and Siemens & Halske soared.

But more significant than the rise in stock prices, last week, was a world-wide gain in commodities. The most important gain was that registered in silver. The only calm thing about the Bombay silver bullion exchange is the sacred cow which, fat and lazy, spends most of her time in somnambulistic repose, blinking sadly and chewing her cud. During the Depression the sacred cow has seen many disconcerting things. Silver has dropped from 1929's high of 57½¢ to the historic low of 25¾¢ per fine ounce. The only notable interruption was the remarkable corner staged last year by Chimauram Motilal, aged Hindu who drives in a Cadillac, carries a Malacca stick, wears but a white loin-cloth and a turban. But last week with much yelling and gesticulating Bombay silver buyers shoved the price up 1.66%. The gain was of paramount importance to the buying-power of 500,000,000 Far-Easterners. To China it was especially welcome.* Long-coated, silk-trousered members of the Shanghai Gold Stock Exchange on Kiukiang Road bought silver by the simple method of selling gold. How desperate is China's state is well illustrated by the ugly rumors heard in Singapore concerning the affairs of Tan Kah Kee, great rubber, pineapple, biscuit and brick tycoon, patron of Amoy University. Once a coolie, he became a multi-

*Official Chinese name for Equitable Eastern Banking Corp., Chase's big unit, is "Dah Ting Ning Hong," or "The Big Silver Bank Known Around the World."

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millionaire, is now thought to be heavily in debt, frantically trying to incorporate his private affairs.

In addition to silver practically all commodities rose, including the baser metals. The most spectacular performer of these was volatile copper which jumped from 8¢ (New York) to 9¢ as domestic and foreign buyers threw large orders into the market. Lead and zinc followed along. Typical of the increase in trading was the excitement in Manhattan's Raw Silk Exchange where trading reached almost 4,000 bales a day after being at 80 a few weeks ago. Startled pages and clerks hurried to put their summer linen-suits on a fortnight ahead of time. In Tokio, Japanese bears talked of *hara-kiri*. On the Coffee & Sugar Exchange, Manhattan, coffee continued its recent rise which had begun to die out; sugar started its first rally in months. Some $25,000,000 was added to the value of sugar supplies. Along the Gold Coast native farmers gathered in British villages to receive cable despatches which told the glad tidings of what was happening on the New York Cocoa Exchange. Cotton, despite the bearishly small decrease in acreage, rose throughout the world. Textiles rose in the U. S. and on the great Manchester Royal Exchange. In the Chicago wheat-pit, 36 stories under the 40-ft., 15-ton aluminum statue of Ceres which is the Chicago Board of Trade Building's talisman, grains rallied smartly, sent the theoretical total value of U. S. grains up $300,000,000. On the New York Rubber Exchange, where recently less than a dozen members have come down to trade, the volume increased 500%. Speculative buying from Wall Streeters was credited with having much to do with rubber's comeback.

While renewed confidence and the rise in commodities were the most important events of the week, the news-index of world-wide change was the New York Stock Exchange. Performing in a spectacular manner, that great market once again proved its world leadership. There were cheers when United States Steel again crossed par, a triumphant return from the recent nadir of $83⅛. Twenty-six leading stocks gained $4,159,000,000 in value. Bullish rumors ran wild; there were tales of tremendous pools being formed, huge mergers in the making. Concrete bullish news, in addition to the moratorium, was the favorable decision to Radio Corp. (see p. 12), the raising of the wholesale cigaret price, the declaration of the regular dividends by Westinghouse, Anaconda, Baltimore & Ohio. Stocks with interests in South America soared on a baseless rumor that the President would soon make an important announcement regarding credits to Latin American countries (see p. 10). Long deferred investment buying appeared. Vivid tales were told of big bears trapped, fretting behind the bars of higher prices. One venerable member of the Exchange was heard to sing that old bull war chant of the Chicago Wheat Pit: "He who sells what isn't his'n must buy it back or go to prison." And even the most sanguine of optimists was willing to concede that the song was applicable in any market last week, that much of the recovery's violence was due to the running-in of bears who for months have sold "what isn't their'n."

★ "SERVING THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST" ★

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"New projects to cost $257,000,000 are already in progress or scheduled for development. In the ensuing decade $114,000,000 will go toward power, light and water systems; railroad extensions already under construction will cost $19,500,000; $100,000,000 will be spent in a ten-year highway construction program; $30,000,000 is to be devoted to canalization of the Columbia and Willamette rivers.

"The 1930 census indicates that Oregon's annual industrial output had doubled since 1920. At the same rate of growth, Oregon by 1940 will produce $700,000,000 annually in manufactured products. Similarly, agriculture will yield $400,000,000. New residents are coming in increasing numbers, attracted by progressive educational facilities, comfortable living standards and natural charms of climate and scenic beauty.

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CROCKER FIRST FEDERAL TRUST CO. ★ CROCKER FIRST CO.

OF SAN FRANCISCO

SPORT

At Wimbledon

(See front cover)

Even the most ardent U. S. devotees of tennis have had a hard time keeping things straight for the last three or four years. Before that, William Tatem Tilden II and William Johnston were the two great U. S. players. A grade below were other famous names, easily distinguishable from each other—Richard Norris Williams II, the most brilliant half-volleyer in history, Wallace Johnson, a sporting-goods salesman who seemed always trying to compensate for his plebeian occupation by the languidly patrician gestures of his chop-strokes, Vincent Richards, who remained almost perpetually the boy wonder of U. S. tennis. When Johnston retired, Richards turned professional, Williams grew too veteran to be brilliant for more than a day at a time, there appeared on the scene a great second-growth of younger players. These—George Lott, John Van Ryn, Berkeley Bell, Gregory Mangin, Wilmer Allison, John Hennessey, John Doeg—were the ones who caused the difficulty. All were young collegians, and they looked as much alike as so many agitated and disobliging Chinamen. One or two of them, it was first supposed, would emerge from the rest and become champions, but this never seemed to happen. U. S. tennis devotees had become reconciled to speaking of "the younger players" by last summer when the situation finally showed signs of changing.

The changes were two. First, John Hope Doeg, left-handed, 22, nephew of famed May Sutton Bundy, youngest of the younger players, emerged and won the National Championship at Forest Hills. Second, three new players, younger than the "younger players" and with normal personal differentiation, made their appearance. These were Frank Shields, immensely tall, convivial and handsome, Roxbury graduate; Sidney Wood, a yellow-haired, wiry, California youth, with a delicate physique but strong wrists and forearms; and Clifford Sutter, a cherub-faced collegian from New Orleans, with self-consciously graceful but effective ground strokes.

Wide World

NEW YORK'S SHIELDS, CALIFORNIA'S WOOD

They made it easier to keep things straight.

After winning the National championship, Doeg married, set to work on his father-in-law's Newark, N. J. *Evening News,* announced that he would probably play little tennis in 1931 except to defend his title at Forest Hills. Clifford Sutter last week was winning the Tri-State Tournament in Memphis, Tennessee. The other two, Shields and Wood, together with Henri Cochet; John Van Ryn; Jean Borotra, who airplaned back to Paris for business between matches; Bunny Austin, balloon-trousered British Davis Cup player; George Lyttleton Rogers, a big Irishman with a hooked nose; Jiro Satoh, the champion of Japan; and Gregory Mangin and George Lott were last week playing in the greatest single event of the tennis year, "the world's championship" at Wimbledon.

Cochet, drawn and listless after an attack of influenza, lost his first match in straight sets to an obscure English player named Nigel Sharpe; Mangin lost to Rogers and Rogers lost to Satoh; George Lott was beaten by Harold Lee. Shields, who had never played at Wimbledon before, and Wood were the gallery's favorites. Wood beat the champion of Spain, Eduard Maier, in a straight-set match watched by onetime King Alfonso. Shields, whose resemblance to Wimbledon's favorite William Tatem Tilden II and the fact that he was the first seeded U. S. player, made him the centre of centre-court attention, won his first three matches losing only one set.

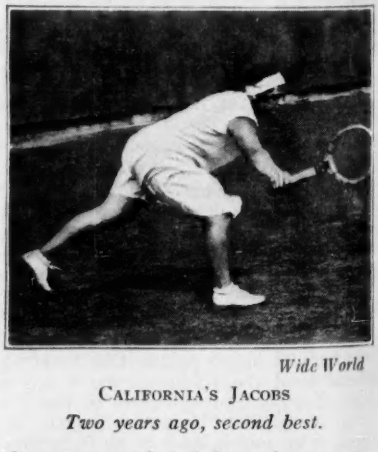
As was expected, when the semi-finals were reached, Shields and Wood were the only Americans left in the tournament. Their opponents, respectively, were Jean Borotra, who had made Queen Mary laugh by returning a volley while sitting on his haunches, and England's Frederick J. Perry, who, playing an erratic but brilliant game, had eliminated John Van Ryn in the fifth round.

Because, 1) she is the U. S. women's champion, and 2) Helen Wills Moody decided that she would not "have time" to defend her title at Wimbledon last week, Betty Nuthall was the favorite to win the British Women's Championship. Her chief competitors were Helen Jacobs of Santa Monica, Calif., second ranking U. S. woman player in 1929; cocktail-drinking, tango-dancing Senorita Elia ("Lili") de Alvarez, who twice lost to Helen Wills in the Wimbledon finals; and Mrs. Lawrence A. Harper, first ranking U. S. woman player, a Californian with a hard left-handed drive, who lost to Betty Nuthall in the finals of the U. S. championships at Forest Hills last summer.

Senorita Elia de Alvarez, wearing a split skirt which resembled a pair of abbreviated pajamas, won her first match and lost her next to a cool-headed, methodical British girl named Dorothy Round.

When Betty Nuthall came up against Mrs. Harper their match was almost a repetition of the one Betty Nuthall had won at Forest Hills. The Californian got a lead of 3–1 in the first set, thereafter was outplayed and lost 6–4, 6–2. Waiting to play her quarter-final match against Helen Jacobs, who had beaten Mrs. Kathleen McKane Godfree the same day, Betty Nuthall reiterated her intention of coming to the U. S. this summer to defend her U. S. championship. When they played, three days later, Betty Nuthall lost 6–2, 6–3.

Popular sporting figures fall into two categories: those who are popular because they are eccentric and those who are popular because they are not. It would be easy to explain the immense popularity of Betty Nuthall by pointing out how neatly she fits the public conception of the Average British Girl. Her face, pleasant



Wide World

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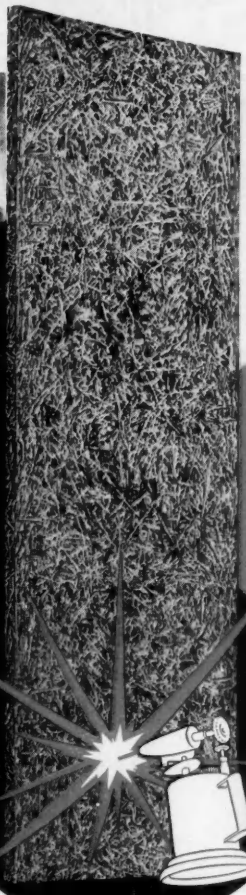

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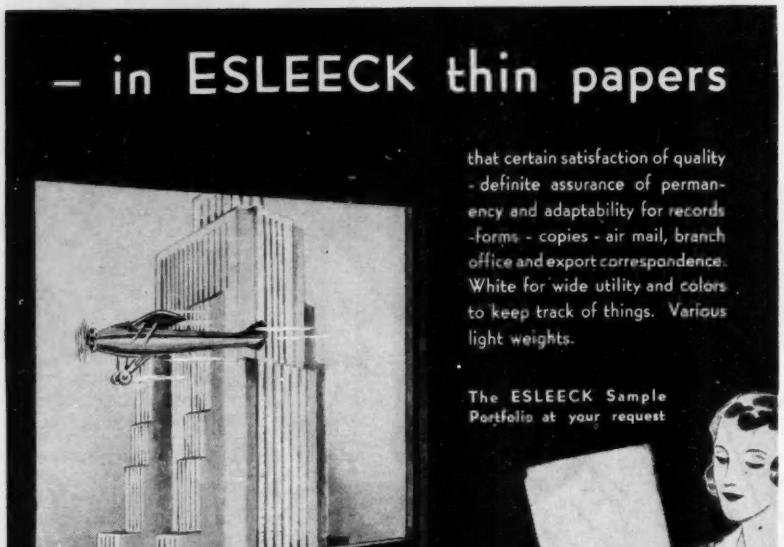
enough to be pretty, is large, reddish, blue-eyed, friendly. Buxom and fair-haired, she speaks in an accent which is neither aristocratic nor cockney, almost giggles when she smiles. Not noisily exotic, like Lili de Alvarez, nor glumly beautiful, like Mrs. Moody, she is described by her friends with indefinite adjectives—"attractive," "unspoiled," "girlish."

Her father, a good but not famous tennis player, taught her how to play, died being operated on for tennis elbow six years ago. Her mother continued ably to run & expand the Nuthall chain of small suburban hotels in and near London, to coach Betty's tennis.

Two years ago, Betty visited Los Angeles with the Wightman Cup team, went to parties (where Charlie Chaplin made funny faces, obliged her by trying to look like Napoleon) while the other ladies went to bed. Original, she liked honeydew melons better than anything else in the U. S., found Park Avenue the most beautiful street in the world, observed that everyone called her Betty except Mrs. Hoover. She trains for a match by skipping rope 700 times every morning, going to bed at ten, practicing rarely against her three sisters, more often against her two brothers of whom the oldest, now, sits behind her at important matches, as her father used to, advising her how to play.

Reputedly the most photographed woman in England, Betty Nuthall is less an Average Girl than one who, partly by charm, partly by shrewdness, has been able to preserve the character of an average girl in circumstances which no average girl would be likely to experience. She likes to sew, squeals when she drives a car, says she hopes to help her mother in the hotel business. But, when playing tennis, winning or losing, she follows the shrewd advice of her mother: "Smile, smile and keep on smiling . . . first, because it gets the crowd. . . ."



Bridge

Bridge players, as such, are acrimonious, sedentary, conceited, unhappy, mercenary, preoccupied and futile. The better bridge players they may be, the more disagreeable they can become and the truth of this contention was needlessly demonstrated again last week in a bitter controversy between foremost U. S. authorities on Contract Bridge—Sidney Lenz, Milton C. Work, R. R. Richards, E. V. Shepard, Walter F. Wyman, and Ely Culbertson.

While most bridge experts regard each other with ill-concealed contempt, the bridge expert whom others resent the most is Ely Culbertson. A pale young man with rings under his eyes, a slightly bald head, he was educated at the Sorbonne, married a bridge teacher after admiring the way she played a hard hand, now, with her aid, makes $40,000 a year as teacher, author, and editor of the *Bridge World*. Eight months ago he wrote and published the *Contract Bridge Blue Book*, advocating a bidding system for contract bridge on which he had worked eight years. Salient point in the Culbertson "approach-forcing system" is a two-bid to show unusual strength and to signify that partner, regardless of the merit of his own hand, must keep the bidding open. So successful was the Culbertson system when used by average U. S. bridge players that his book outsold the bridge works of Work, Whitehead, Lenz, et al., has now sold 112,000 copies.

In contract bridge, a player inevitably supplies his partner with information as to the cards he holds by the way in which he bids. Systems—such as the Vanderbilt convention, the various methods of Lenz, Work, Whitehead, et. al.—are codified kicks under the table, designed to make bidding reveal as much information as possible. There are now so many different systems, i.e., codes of giving information, that bridge players, to avoid dispute though not confusion, are compelled to preface their sittings with protracted conferences to determine which code to use.

Ostensibly to allay their uncertainty was formed last week a new organization, *Bridge Headquarters, Inc.* in which Sidney Lenz, Wilbur Whitehead, Milton Work and other experts planned to sacrifice their individual systems to form a universal bidding system for everyone to use. The Bridge Headquarters *v.* Culbertson controversy became a major bridge issue last week when five experts resigned from the Culbertson edited *Bridge World* to join the new organization.

Scornful, Expert Culbertson immediately declared that he had refused to join Bridge Headquarters, Inc., because it was a "purely commercial proposition," called

it a "merger of ex-authorities," said there was no need for a universal system since 90% of U. S. bridge players already used the Culbertson system. Further, he offered to play, either with his wife as partner or with any partner of Lenz's choice, Expert Lenz and any partner Expert Lenz might select, 200 rubbers of contract bridge, bet $5,000 to $1,000 that he and his partner would win. Said Expert Culbertson: "I do not deny this merger . . . might work out a fairly acceptable system for people

ELY CULBERTSON
The futile fell to quarrelling.

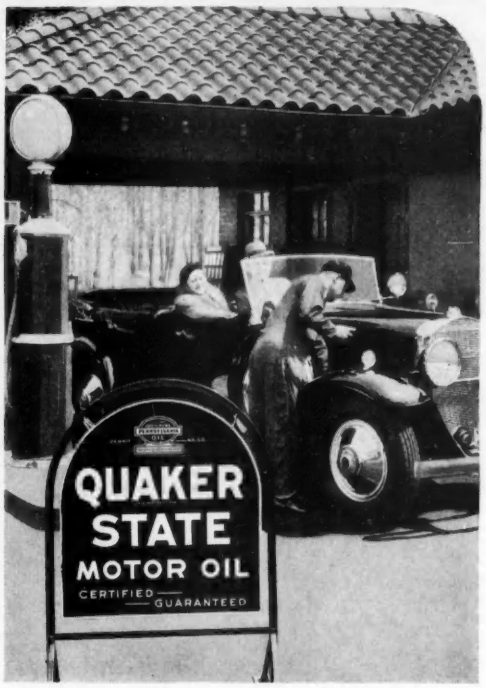
who never played bridge before. Each has had a great deal of experience. For instance, this will be Mr. Lenz's system No. 5 . . . Mr. Work's system No. 4."

The founders of Bridge Headquarters, Inc., admitted their organization was owned by Embosograf Corp., dealers in bridge supplies, but insisted that their purpose was purely in the interests of "better bridge," accused Ely Culbertson of making the *Bridge World* a "house organ." The new universal system was promised for U. S. bridge players within a week. The Culbertson challenge had not been accepted last week, but aspersions were cast on Expert Culbertson's sportsmanship in not naming "time, place and weapons." Replied Expert Culbertson: "As to the weapons, I'd prefer a score pad and a deck of cards."

Meanwhile, a Mrs. Madeleine Kerwin, president of the Associate Members of the American Bridge League, assailed Expert Culbertson for plagiarism, said: "I codified the system and called it the Cavendish Club system three years ago. . . . Mr. Culbertson has appropriated it and given it his name. . . . He is the racketeer of the Bridge World." Replied Expert Culbertson: "A local teacher unknown outside a limited circle . . . not dignify her charge by answering it. . . ."

Tragic means were required to still the mounting bitterness of the Bridge Headquarters *v.* Culbertson *v.* Kerwin controversy. Having resigned from the *Bridge World* to join Bridge Headquarters, Inc. Expert Whitehead last week embarked on the *Ile de France* to give lessons to passengers, later visit his wife and

SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO WATCH FOR THIS SUMMER



● WHETHER you're on a two months' vacation tour or just driving around home, it's important to watch for this sign.

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daughter in Paris. Two days later, while the argument was at its height, came news that Expert Whitehead had died at sea. A famed expert since 1910, reputed to earn $1,000 a week, he was 67 years old, a grandfather, close friend to Sidney Lenz who received word of his death while playing at a Hanover, N. H. tournament last week. Last March, Expert Whitehead chartered a ship to take 250 enthusiasts to the West Indies on a trip to be enlivened by no pastime except Bridge. A proud devotee, almost a priest of Bridge, he said, "When God sees fit to do away with the law of probabilities, I will lose and not before."

Ryder Cup

Five years ago, a mustachioed British seedsman named Samuel Ryder put up a cup to be played for at two-year intervals by teams of British and U. S. golf professionals. Since then, British professionals have won once officially, once informally in 1926; U. S. professionals once. Near Columbus, Ohio, where the Scioto River winds through the narrow fairways and tall rough of the Scioto golf course 19 British and U. S. golf professionals played the third official series of Ryder Cup matches last week.

On the first day of play, the heat wave, against which the British had complained, broke in a loud thunder-storm, the British Ryder Cup team lost three out of four two-ball foursomes. Next day, Gene Sarazen kept his trousers pressed and his shirt buttoned up, beat Fred Robson, seven up. He appalled Robson on the fourth hole by driving his ball into a refreshment stand, playing a niblick shot off the floor & through a window to within eight feet of the hole. Bill Burke, Greenwich, Conn., professional, beat erratic Archie Compston seven up. A home-town gallery was with Densmore Shute, who placed fourth in the Open two years ago; he gave the youngest British player, 25-year-old Bert Hodson, the worst beating of all, eight up and six to play. The U. S. team needed one more match and got it when its captain, Walter Hagen, a linen hat pulled down on the back of his thick neck, pursued by a small boy with an armful of American flags to show how far ahead he was, finished four up over Charles Whitcombe after 33 holes. When the last scores were posted, the U. S. had won, 9 matches to 3.

Who Won

¶ Jim Londos: a wrestling bout in which he successfully defended his heavyweight championship against Ray Steele, in Manhattan.

¶ Keith Gledhill, tall, blond-haired Stanford University sophomore: the intercollegiate tennis championship; beating Bruce Barnes of Texas, 3—6, 6—2, 6—1, 6—4 in the finals at Haverford, Pa.

¶ George Terry Dunlap Jr., wiry Princeton golf team captain: the intercollegiate championship, for the second time in succession; beating Robert H. Kepler of Ohio State 2 & 1 in the finals at Chicago.

¶ Small, freckle-faced Johnny Jeffries of Greenville, Ky.: a $100 gold watch and the U. S. marbles championship; by beating his friend Harley Corum of Louisville, Ky., in the finals of a tournament at Atlantic City.

BOOKS

Siberia

THE ROAD TO OBLIVION—Vladimir Zenzinov & Isaac Don Levine—*McBride* ($3).

Three times Revolutionist Vladimir Zenzinov was sent to Siberia by the Tsarist Government. Twice he escaped; the third time he served his full four-year term. In this book he tells about it.

The Siberian village to which he was assigned was 7,300 miles distant. Guarded by a Cossack, he made the trip by rail, on foot, aboard barges, by horse-team, reindeer, dogs. Zenzinov planned to escape again when he had reached his destination, the six-house village of Russkoye Ustye, but when he got there found it was too isolated, too far from everywhere. "There were no relations with the outside world. Fish was the constant food all the year round. Bread was unobtainable. Traders did not come there. . . ." He settled down in his "house" (six feet by six), prepared to make the best of things. It was cold. In winter he could never get the temperature in his room higher than 50°. Outside it would be anything from 40° to 72° below Zero.

Zenzinov got along well with the northern natives, who thought he was a wonder-worker. None of them had ever seen a lamp before. "No one knew how bread was raised. . . . They had never seen milk or butter. . . . Neither the women nor the children had ever beheld a living tree." (Their firewood was flotsam from the Indigirka River.) The natives had plenty of caviar but did not know how to treat it, usually gave it to the dogs.

One year Zenzinov went with the village hunters on their annual wild-goose chase to the Arctic Ocean. In the summer when they are moulting, wild geese cannot fly. Siberian goose-hunters surround a moulting flock in their canoes, maneuver them into a low enclosure on the land, jump in and wring their necks. The carcasses are buried on the spot; when winter comes they are dug up, fed to the dogs.

But Russkoye Ustye began to pall after a time. Zenzinov had been given permission to move around anywhere in the district. Again with the idea of eventual escape, he set out to Verkhoyansk, "the pole of cold." This village was many miles to the south but set in a basin where cold air settles and few winds blow. Zenzinov one day in January, 1913 noted a temperature of 95.4° below Zero. In Verkhoyansk, says he, if "you take a glass of water and dash it high into the air, the liquid will come down in the form of ringing crystals of ice. Spittle will freeze before reaching the ground. . . . Live wood becomes petrified, and when one chops it, sparks fly as if from flint. . . . Even rum would freeze in my traveling flask. Only pure alcohol withstood the cold."

Zenzinov left Verkhoyansk by reindeer sled in a last attempt to escape; had it not been for the alcohol he carried with him he might have succeeded. Encamped one night with a Chukchi herder Zenzinov foolishly gave him some alcohol to drink. The Chukchi liked it so much he kept Zenzinov a prisoner until a Russian trader came along, rescued him. By that time the authorities had their eye on Zenzinov again; he gave up hope, served out his term.

A revolutionist but no Bolshevik, Vladimir Zenzinov was later a member of the

VLADIMIR ZENZINOV
Even his rum froze.

Government in the Urals which fought against the Soviets in 1918. When Dictator Alexander Kolchak overthrew the Ural Government Zenzinov escaped, now lives in Paris, foments trouble for the Soviets.

Royal Gossip

BETTER LEFT UNSAID—Daisy, Princess of Pless—*Dutton* ($5).

She had the privilege of looking at kings, and kings had what seems to have been the greater privilege of looking at her. Born an Irish-English beauty, Daisy Cornwallis-West became a German Princess when she married Henry of Pless. In *Daisy, Princess of Pless* (TIME, March 17, 1930) she told what it was like to be English-born royalty in Germany during the War. *Better Left Unsaid* gives her reminiscences of the pre-War years.

For a long time Daisy got along well with her husband, bore him three sons. She got along well with almost everybody; everywhere men took to her kindly. On a visit to India she went roller-skating, fell, had to be bandaged up and put to bed. A Maharajah called to pay his respects. Because of Daisy's bandages they were mutually invisible, so the Maharajah kissed her toe through the blanket. In Egypt she was taken to see a stomach-dance; "it looked horrid." But mostly her travels were in well-marked royal grooves: visits to England, appearances in Berlin, vacations in Southern France, Switzerland.

It sounds like a nice life, but there were troubles in it. Husband Henry wanted to turn Catholic; if he did he could not inherit the family estates. Daisy finally smoothed things out. "I persuaded him to give in; surely no God would wish him to give up everything, all his future and position, for religion, when the Protestant religion is after all very like the Catholic and perhaps, in a way, purer and grander because of its very simplicity."

Daisy thought Henry did not push himself enough; he was not a good royal mixer. She was always hoping he would be appointed Ambassador to Somewhere or Governor of Something, but somehow he never was. Daisy had troubles of the heart; more than several men were hopelessly in love with her; even the Crown Prince got himself talked about in her connection. At least once she had to write him a letter "full of home truth"; once she got really angry, said that if she were his sovereign she would make him wash his face.

Daisy was intelligent enough to be flattered when rumor pinned on her the authorship of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.** She tried writing stories herself; nothing much came of it. As Henry's career continued not to materialize, as marriage became a somewhat weary habit, Daisy and her husband drifted apart. In December, 1923, she divorced him. Now an old lady, she lives part of the time in Germany, part in England, is delighted that so many readers have been delighted by her reminiscences.

Split Personality

TWO MEN IN ME—Daniel-Rops—*Rockwell* ($2).

Author Daniel-Rops thinks Robert Balfour Stevenson did more than spin a yarn and preach a sermon when he wrote *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* He thinks Stevenson indicated a psychological truth which he falsified into melodrama. The split personalities in these four stories are due not to drugs but to circumstance; the stories are dramatic but no fairy tales.

Two engineers, isolated in the Swiss mountains, hate each other. One night one of them pushes the other into a gorge, then leads a search party for him; feels no compunction.

A Russian in Paris tells tall tales of himself, passes as a refugee prince. When his French friend finally disbelieves him the Russian goes home and shoots himself, leaving a letter confessing he was really a Bolshevik executioner.

M. Beudard, now mayor of a provincial French town but once a rover who murdered for money, is confronted with a man whom he thinks he recognizes as his old crony in crime. He is all ready to leave the country when he discovers the man is not his old pal after all, heaves a sigh, goes on being mayor.

A mysterious older man becomes guide & philosopher to a group of young students, fires them with enthusiasm to roam the world under his leadership. They all meet at the station and wait for him; he never shows up.

The Author. Though young (29), "Daniel-Rops" (a pseudonym) has written four books, has won two prizes. His first, *Notre inquiétude,* won the Paul Fiat; *l'Ame obscure* took second place in the *Goncourt; Two Men in Me* (*Deux hommes en moi*) won last year's Gringoire Prize. He is a professor of literature at a French University.

*By Elizabeth Mary Countess Russell (TIME, June 1).

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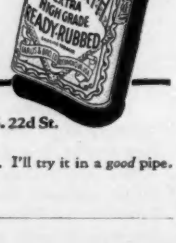

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MILESTONES

Married. Eugene Gladstone O'Neill Jr., 21, Yaleman* (1932), son of Playwright Eugene Gladstone O'Neill by his first wife (Kathleen Jenkins, now Mrs. George Pitt-Smith); and Elizabeth Green of Forest Hills, L. I.; secretly, three weeks ago; in Long Island City, N. Y. Unlike his father, who left Princeton at the end of his freshman year (1907) to become a hobo, O'Neill Jr. has gained distinction in college, was tapped last May for Skull & Bones, won the Winthrop Prize for his scholarly acquaintance with Greek and Latin poetry (TIME, June 8). A poet of some campus repute, he has published verses in the *Yale Helicon*, undergraduate monthly. After the wedding bride & groom went boating on Long Island Sound on Father Green's yacht.

Married. Josephine Young, 24, only daughter of Owen D. Young; and Everett Needham Case, 30, assistant secretary of General Electric Co., son of Board Chairman James Herbert Case of Manhattan's Federal Reserve Bank; in Van Hornesville, N. Y. by President Richard Eddy Sykes of St. Lawrence University, alma mater of the bride's parents.

Married. Glenna Collett, 28, five-time (1922, 1925, 1928, 1929, 1930) U. S. women's golf champion; and Edwin H. Vare Jr., 35, of Philadelphia, son of the late State Senator Edwin H. Vare, nephew of U. S. Senator-reject William Scott ("Boss") Vare; in the garden of Mr. & Mrs. George Wallen, friends of Golfer Collett, in Greenwich, Conn. Maid of honor was Bernice Wall, golfer of Oshkosh, Wis. Bride & groom, who met while golfing ten years ago, went off to honeymoon at Murray Bay, Canada. They plan to live in Overbrook, Pa., to continue golfing.

Married. Sarah Stires Wood, daughter of President Robert Elkington Wood of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; and James Roland Addington, Chicago socialite; in Highland Park, Ill., by the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, Bishop of Long Island, uncle of the bride.

Married. William Thompson Lusk, 30, heir-associate of Tiffany & Co., jewellers; and Katharine Adams, 25, of FORTUNE's staff; at Winnetka, Ill.

Married. Byron Schermerhorn Harvey Jr., son of the president of the Fred Harvey company, famed restaurateurs; and Kathleen Whitcomb, Chicago socialite; in Chicago.

Married. Jeanne Bankhead, 30, sister of Cinemactress Tallulah Bankhead, daughter of Congressman William Brockman Bankhead; and Ennis Smith, 33, of Manhattan; at Rosarita Beach, Mexico. Five times a bride, she was twice the wife of Morton McMichael Hoyt, who achieved fame when he jumped off the *S.S. Rochambeau* into mid-Atlantic (TIME, July 30, 1928 *et ante*).

Married. Richard Farnsworth Hoyt, 41, Manhattan investment banker, Reno-divorced two months ago by Mrs. Katharine Stone Hoyt for "extreme cruelty"; and Mrs. Martha J. Nicholson Doubleday; in Manhattan seven days after she Reno-divorced Publisher Nelson Doubleday, 41, for "non-support."

Married. Minnie A. ("Ma") Kennedy, 57, evangelist mother of Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson; and Rev. J. E. Hudson, onetime Manhattan businessman; by Rev. J. G. Gay, vice president of the bride's Everlasting Gospel Evangel Church (Olympia, Wash.); on the shores of artificial Lake Sacajawea, Wash. Said she: "The ceremony was performed in God's Great Outdoors . . . with His birds' songs in place of an orchestra." Later on newshawks found "Billy Sunday," her favorite horse, missing from her stables, concluded that she had galloped away on her honeymoon.

Divorced. Lois Long ("Lipstick" of the *New Yorker*); from Curtis Arnoux Peters (Cartoonist Peter Arno); in a cross-complaint to the suit her husband filed last month (TIME, May 25); in Reno. Charge: cruelty. Said Cartoonist Arno: "Well, I won't cartoon this incident. . . . That Vanderbilt thing is closed as far as I am concerned."

Died. Mrs. Marion Isabel Angell, wife of President James Rowland Angell of Yale University, mother of James Waterhouse Angell, associate professor of economics at Columbia University, and Mrs. William Rockefeller McAlpin of Manhattan; of heart disease; in New Haven, Conn. President Angell was on the *S.S. Minnetonka*.

Died. Dr. John Osborn Polak, 61, great obstetrician; in Brooklyn; of heart failure.

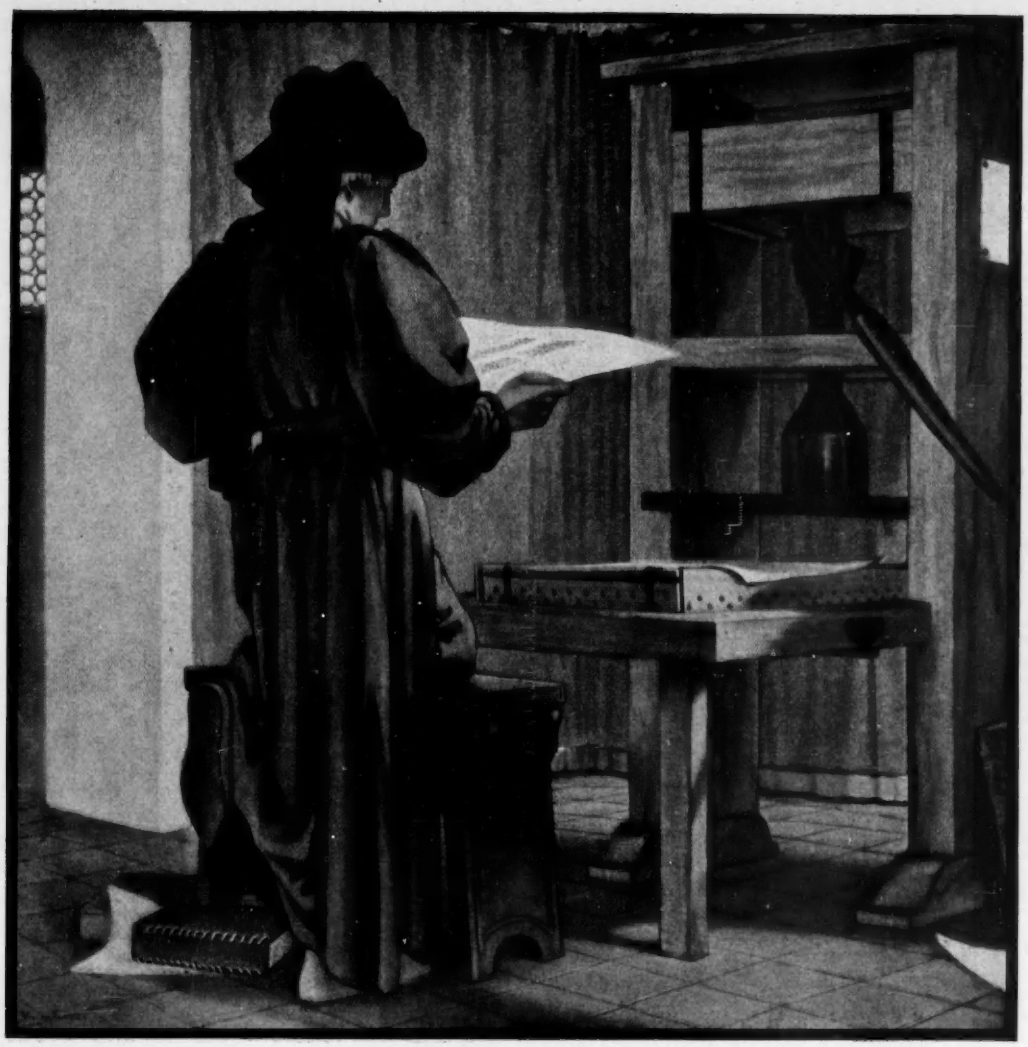
Died. William Benjamin Beauchamp, 62, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; after a lingering illness; in Richmond, Va.

Died. Alfred Aloysius Smith (Trader Horn), 76, after a brief illness; at Whitestable, England.

Died. Sir Hugh Bell, 87, English ironmaster, father of the late Gertrude Bell (explorer of Egypt and Arabia); in London; of a chill.

Died. Otto Mears, 91, Colorado hero, in Pasadena, Calif. Because he was a pioneer railroader (onetime president of Denver & Rio Grande), a pioneer builder of such state-wide projects as the telegraph system, and a member of Colorado's first legislature, his stained-glass portrait hangs in the State Capitol's dome, Denver.

*A Yale University ruling: an undergraduate who marries without first receiving official permission is automatically dropped. Student O'Neill complied with this, will be permitted to resume his studies in September.



TO the students of Yale University, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, had something to say last November: "Your faces contain brown, yellow, and pink; you wear green shirts, blue neckties. Among you I see all the colors and shades except the black and white, and yet so limited is the newspaper art that it is compelled to depict you in black and white."

Although he said a great deal more about the limitations of black and white for the modern newspaper, Colonel McCormick did *not* say that by the end of 1932 the *Tribune* plans to have full color available for sixteen pages each and every morning. He did not say it because he had no idea at the time that such a thing was possible, and to this day he might still be in ignorance of the possibility had not a reprint of his address found its way to the office of one Henry A. Wise Wood, who is president of the Wood Newspaper Machinery Corp.

One cannot evaluate Mr. Wood in a sentence or two. But just how important for the world of journalism it was that he chanced upon Colonel McCormick's dissertation will presently become evident. Great publishers have (in expansive moments) called Wood "the greatest single contributor to newspaper printing today," "the *only* builder of really fine presses." Able engineers have damned him as a voluble visionary. Mr. Wood at sixty-five is the brilliant bad boy of his industry. Suffice for the present that he read Colonel McCormick's article and promptly went to see that publisher. He told the Colonel that he was working on a press which would print full colors of the highest quality at speeds considered fast by most press-builders for black and white work. His blue prints were almost completed, and he was looking for a publisher with the initiative and the resources to give his press a try. Colonel McCormick had plenty of both. . . .

Thus FORTUNE (July issue) begins its story of "The Newspaper in Color," a story which contains the first public announcement not only of the *Tribune's* plans, but of the new inventions which have made those plans possible.

It is a story of how tremendous forces have been harnessed to do microscopic work at tremendous speed, of two-ton cylinders, of ink films 1/10,000 of an inch thick, of type lines printed in 1/4200 of a second. It is also the very human story of an inventor who, at 65, set out for the third time to achieve the impossible and, for the third time, produced an invention which must revolutionize the newspaper craft.

Illustrated as only FORTUNE can illustrate such a story, told as only FORTUNE can tell it, FORTUNE's story of Mr. Wood and his high-speed color press is a timely story worth telling, worth knowing.

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